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THE EMPERORS' MEETING.

THE meeting of the three Emperors in or near Warsaw will be regarded with a certain curiosity and interest; but there is no reason why it should cause alarm. As it is certain that the Sovereigns will be attended by their principal Ministers, the Congress will evidently be assembled for purposes of political business; and one of its chief objects is perhaps to convince the world in general that three of the four great military Powers are cordially allied. There is little reason to fear that any resolutions which they may adopt will be directed against England. None of the three Governments has any serious concern with the affairs of Egypt, except that they may wish to protect the interests of their respective subjects, who may be either bondholders or claimants on the indemnity fund. Notwithstanding Count MUNSTER's abortive proposals at the close of the Conference, the Chancellors of Germany, Austria, and Russia are not likely to demand imperatively the establishment of quarantine regulations which would hamper the navigation of the Suez Canal. If Prince BISMARCK still feels or professes irritation in connexion with his colonial policy, he will not ask assistance from allies who have no interest in the subject. It is indeed not impossible that the three Powers may feel inclined to widen the breach between England and France; but neither Germany nor Austria has any permanent cause of quarrel or conflicting interest with England; and the foolish provocation which was formerly offered by Mr. GLADSTONE was prompted by a sentimental sympathy with Russia, or perhaps rather with the Eastern Church. The antagonism of England and Russia in Central Asia will form no part of the subjects of deliberation at the Congress.

The statement that international measures are to be taken against anarchists is probably founded on conjecture. The elaborate precautions which are not unnecessarily taken for the safety of the Emperor of RUSSIA during his visit to Warsaw indicate the serious nature of dangers which are only less formidable in the neighbouring States; but it would be difficult to devise securities which are not already in operation. None of the three Governments would refuse its aid to the others in repressing the atrocious conspiracies to which they are almost equally exposed. The German and Russian police would if necessary act in concert against assassins or incendiaries in either country. If, nevertheless, any new method of detecting and punishing the worst of crimes can be suggested, the Congress may perhaps furnish an opportunity for common action. The *Moscow Gazette*, which is supposed to enjoy the favour and confidence of the EMPEROR, intimates a belief that additional methods of repression in the Polish provinces of the three Empires will form another subject of debate. It is not known that Prince BISMARCK has any new cause of offence against his old political opponents in Posen; nor has any active disaffection recently been exhibited in Russian Poland. There was at one time a rumour that the visit of the EMPEROR to Warsaw would furnish an occasion for some concessions to the Poles; but the illness of the Marquis WIELOPOLOWSKI, who formerly represented the less illiberal side of Russian policy, seems to indicate a purpose of continuing the existing system of repression. The Emperor of AUSTRIA and his advisers will not be disposed to concur in any measure against the Poles of Galicia, who are among his most loyal subjects. On the

whole, it is improbable that any new attack will be made on the few remaining rights of an oppressed population.

The meeting of the Congress is itself a sufficient proof that the conflicting designs of Austria and Russia in the Balkan Peninsula are suspended or reconciled by some temporary compromise. Both Powers are probably content to adjourn for an indefinite period their further division of the spoils of Turkey, and their chronic rivalry for the protectorate or control of the petty kingdoms and principalities which now separate their respective territories. Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro will be required to remain at peace until their more powerful neighbours find it convenient to engage in the struggle for supremacy. Prince BISMARCK, who has in this matter an interest identical with that of Austria, will give his cordial aid to any scheme which may prevent or postpone collision. He has not thought it necessary on the present occasion to take Italy into council; but France will have received tacit notice that the whole of the Continent would be united against any attempt to disturb the peace. If indeed a conflict with England could be contrived in China, Madagascar, or Africa, Germany would regard with much complacency an additional security against attempts to recover Alsace and Lorraine. Wild speculations on the supposed annexation of Holland by Germany or of Belgium by France are not worth serious discussion. The prudent silence with which Marshal MANTEUFFEL's proclamation has been received at Paris proves the success of the policy by which Prince BISMARCK has isolated his only dangerous enemy. The foolish animosity of French journalists against England causes unqualified satisfaction at Berlin. In a war with Germany France might formerly have reckoned on the good will or alliance of either Austria or Russia, and on the neutrality of England. The German Government has now formed the closest union with Austria; and for the present it has established the most friendly relations with Russia. In the meantime French politicians have revived without provocation the hereditary enmity of their predecessors to England.

While the Imperial Courts proclaim their union, some political observers will remember with a certain feeling of perplexity the wholly different relations between Russia and the two German Powers which notoriously existed only two or three years ago. Since the last meeting of the three Emperors which was held to promote the cause of the rebellion in Turkey, the former and present allies have more than once seemed to be on the verge of war. Prince GORTCHAKOFF, who until lately directed the foreign policy of Russia, peremptorily forbade a rupture between Germany and France, and his interference, though it was for the moment successful, caused the celebrated visit of Prince BISMARCK to Vienna, and the conclusion of the agreement with Count ANDRASSY which has never since been disturbed. For some years afterwards, though there was probably no purpose on either side of an actual rupture, it was no secret that the friendship which was still professed by the respective Courts was not shared by their Foreign Ministers. The German official journals incessantly complained of the arrangements of the Russian War Office, by which troops were supposed to be massed in threatening positions on the western frontier. The causes of hostility, whatever they may have been, must still exist, though both parties for the present find it convenient to forget possible grounds of offence. The new League of the three Emperors may perhaps not be more permanent than the combination of the same Powers which was formed

seven or eight years ago. In the meantime it renders a Continental war impossible, and it ought not to endanger English interests if they are protected by a judicious policy.

It is not impossible that Prince BISMARCK may give vent to the irritation which he is said to feel against Mr. GLADSTONE by inducing his allies to agree on some kind of protest against the claim of colonial monopoly which is attributed to England. If any such pretension had really been advanced, there might be some risk of permanent misunderstanding or collision; but the only reason why the English Colonial Empire extends over most parts of the world is that voluntary settlements have been formed by independent adventurers. If foreign rivals have not hitherto made similar attempts, there is little probability that their competition will be hereafter formidable. England is not the only emigrating nation; but hitherto German settlers have betaken themselves to the United States, and Italians to the Valley of the Plata. No reasonable objection can be made to Prince BISMARCK's declaration that German subjects who may settle in unoccupied regions will receive the protection of the Empire. The rumoured designs of the Austrian Government are still less open to objection. According to a recent statement, an Austrian expedition is to be sent to ascertain the commercial capabilities of the Australian ports. It is not the habit of English colonists to take offence at any overture which may lead to mercantile intercourse. The only form of colonization by foreigners which is really unfriendly and injurious is that to which the French have lately devoted themselves, through a mistaken conception of their own interests, combined with envy and ill will to England. Their conquests in Tonquin or in Madagascar have little tendency to promote their own trade, and wherever the French flag flies English commerce is discouraged. Experience shows that Frenchmen rarely settle in the outlying dependencies of the Republic, except in some official position. The Germans will probably, even if their Government founds colonies in South Africa or in the Pacific Islands, continue to establish themselves by preference among settled communities. The English Government may receive with equanimity any declaration which may be issued by the Imperial Congress. Any unfriendly feeling which may be displayed will have originated in personal irritation, and not in conflicts either of national interest or of general policy.

IRELAND AND THE AUTUMN SESSION.

IT would be interesting to know with what precise emotions the PRIME MINISTER has been surveying affairs in Ireland during the past few days from his Scotch retreat. Perhaps with none; or perhaps he has not been making the survey at all; but that we hardly think likely. The Irish vote, or, to speak more accurately, the Irish line of tactics, is of high interest, and even importance, to the Government just now in relation to their Parliamentary prospects; and it has never been Mr. GLADSTONE's habit to take his eye off these prospects for very long together. The sort of crisis which "swells upon the horizon" unseen by him, or, according to his own account, by any one else, and which "rushes upon him like a flood" before he knows of its existence, is not a Parliamentary crisis. It may be a social cataclysm, but it is not a political one in the sense in which a division-list is a political document. It may threaten the very foundations of authority, or even for the moment overthrow it, and, within a day's journey of London, establish anarchy in its place; but it can have no immediate bearing on the struggle between the "ins" and "outs," or Mr. GLADSTONE would see it coming. Indeed, he has frankly admitted, with respect to the Irish crisis of 1880-82, that the very reason why he did not perceive its approach was because he was too actively engaged in the prosecution of the struggle above mentioned. He had "so much on his hands" connected with the doings of the late Government in quite "almost every quarter of the world"—that is to say, in every quarter in which their policy seemed to afford material for a stump attack—that he had no attention to spare for any country in which, however unsatisfactory its condition, such material did not seem to be forthcoming. Mr. GLADSTONE knew, no doubt, that the condition of Ireland had been very unquiet during 1879, and that the anti-rent movement was daily assuming a more and more formidable aspect. But the firm attitude of the Conservative Government towards the agitation appeared to be thoroughly approved by the country, and no political capital was to be

made by denouncing it. Therefore, argued the Midlothian orator, if there is a swelling crisis in Ireland, let it swell. To swell, as the American moralist so beautifully observed of the fading of roses, is "the business" of a crisis. That is what Mr. GLADSTONE really meant by his explanation of the other day; that is how he would have put it if the Edinburgh Corn Exchange had been the Palace of Truth. If social revolutions surprise him at moments of inadvertence, it is because he cannot be bothered with attempted forecasts of such phenomena when he is calculating the chances of his party at the next general election. But give any event a bearing on the position and prospects of the Parliamentary conflict, and no one will ever be able to charge Mr. GLADSTONE, so long as his faculties remain to him, with inattention to it. We cannot for a moment doubt that, from the meeting of the National League at Dublin last Saturday down to the latest deliverances of Irish Nationalism within the past few days, the whole course of recent affairs in Ireland has interested him much.

That the pleasure of contemplating it will be equal to its interest is not, however, to be supposed. There is not much, of course, in the usual irreconcilable rhetoric to disturb a statesman of the PRIME MINISTER's practical turn of mind. Hard words break no majorities; and Mr. SEXTON's denunciatory eloquence, invigorated though it be by his sojourn in the home of high-falutin', is no more formidable, from the business point of view, than it ever was. Mr. O'BRIEN, however, has approved himself a man of action; and, when he threatens to "plant half a dozen ruined and disgraced Chief Secretaries, like Mr. FORSTER and Mr. TREVELYAN, all round the House of Commons as they would set up scarecrows in a cornfield," he doubtless commands somewhat more attention than Mr. SEXTON. This plan of using up Chief Secretaries is, at any rate, preferable to that of murdering them; and, considering the unlimited supply of honourable ambition for dangerous and arduous posts which is to be found in both political parties in England, we may confidently expect that it would be some time before the sight of any number of Mr. O'BRIEN's scarecrows would make us "begin to think it a hopeless kind of game to govern Ireland by means of foreigners." Still, his idea is not in itself an impracticable one, and it might undoubtedly be so worked as to inflict considerable annoyance upon English Governments. But of course the really serious aspect of these patriotic outbursts from the PRIME MINISTER's point of view becomes apparent only when we look at them in their bearing upon the enlargement of the Autumn Session. Of itself there might be nothing very gravely alarming in a concerted and deliberate attempt on the part of the Parnellites to rid the Castle and the Lodge of "the worst Englishman and most sneaking Scotchman"—almost, by the way, as perverse a description of Mr. TREVELYAN's nationality as of his character—"that ever crossed the Channel." The enterprise is, in fact, one which Mr. O'BRIEN and his associates have been prosecuting with the utmost perseverance, but with no visible result, since the present LORD-LIEUTENANT and his CHIEF SECRETARY succeeded to their posts; and it is no more likely to be accomplished within the next two months than at any time within the last two years. The real gravity of the menace resides in the fact of the time at which it is made, and the indirect consequences which may follow from the mere endeavour to give effect to it. Vain as it may be for the Nationalist party in the House of Commons to attempt to make scarecrows of Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN before the end of the year, it would be a most inconvenient thing for the Government if they were seriously to resolve upon devoting the Autumn Session to this undertaking, and especially so if they were to proceed in the manner so strongly recommended by the Irish Nationalist press. The transfer of the Parnellite vote from one lobby to the other would, as it has been pointed out, reduce the Ministerial majority on the Franchise Bill from 130 to 50; and, though the latter number may be, as cheerful Ministerialists assure us, a "sufficiently substantial one for most purposes," there would attach to such a reduction of numbers a certain moral effect, which is quite as perceptible to the cheerful Ministerialist as to every one else.

The truth of the matter of course is that these menaces of malign activity on the Irish benches are only one among those many inauspicious signs which are gathering about the Ministerial prospect for the coming Session. It is not good that Mr. PARNELL and his followers should be threatening

trouble for the Government; because, in fact, the Government simply cannot afford to be troubled for the next few months by anybody or anything but the constitutional opponents whom they have challenged and the particular business which they have so rashly backed themselves to carry through. It is not that this, that, or the other embarrassment which appears to await them is in itself of a serious nature, but that in their present situation any embarrassment must be serious. They obviously reckoned at the outset of the conflict with the House of Lords that they would be able to fight it out without interruption or disturbance of any kind. There was to be a fair field for themselves, and no favour for their adversary; and, whereas they were disappointed of the latter of these speculations almost immediately, they are only gradually beginning to realize their approaching disappointment as respects the former also. Singular as it must seem to any one less sublimely assured of the popularity and power of the Government than Mr. GLADSTONE, it yet appears probable that this second disillusionment surprises him even more than the first. To all appearance the one thing which our distinguished disciple of POLONIUS did not think it necessary to take into account—the one risk which seems certainly not to have been present to his mind as a reason to “beware of entrance ‘to the quarrel’”—was the possibility that others might interpose between the foe and himself. Nothing could have been more complete than the confidence of the Ministerial assumption that the Autumn Session would be held sacred to the Franchise Bill and to the Franchise Bill alone. Whenever he was questioned as to the introduction of other business of any kind, Mr. GLADSTONE was wont to reply with a certain proud humility that it was for the House, and not for the Government, to decide what other business, if any, it would take into consideration—his humility being shown in this considerate reservation of the undoubted rights of Parliament, while the pride was quite plainly perceptible in the outspoken hint that he and “the country” would like to see Parliament impudent enough to think of exercising them. There has, however, been a little mistake as to the feeling of the country in this matter; and, little as it is, it has upset the whole calculation. The Autumn Session, it is now pretty certain, will be very much like other Sessions; there will be nothing sacrosanct about it. Talk, delay, interruption, the incursions of the bore, the crotcheteer, the private member, the Irish member, will play their part in it as in other Sessions, and instead of provoking the uprising of a righteously indignant country, these nuisances or diversions will be regarded in October and November with precisely the same spirit of indifference, amusement, or contempt which they arouse between February and August. And having regard to the extreme importance of time in the plans of the Government, and the paramount necessity, as they think it, of getting their lopsided Bill passed with such promptitude as to send it up, a message of stern brevity, to the Lords, their present outlook is certainly far from encouraging.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

IF it were permissible to apply the test of probability to the affairs of China, there would be no ground for doubting that war has at last been declared against France. It is manifestly the interest of the Imperial Government to put a stop to the present undefined state of hostilities, which leaves the Chinese coast open to attack at any moment and ties the hands of its defenders. A declaration of war would at least deprive the French Admiral of the convenience of drawing supplies from Hong Kong; and, if it did nothing more, it would be a distinct gain. But it would do much more. From the moment that the two nations were nominally, as well as really, at war, the dockyards at Hong Kong would be shut to the French squadron. By allowing Admiral COURBET to send his damaged vessels there for repairs, the Chinese Government loses one of the greatest advantages of its position. The ADMIRAL has hitherto taken such excellent care to conceal the damage done to his ships that it is not known whether they suffered severely during the actions in the Min River; but there is some indirect evidence that more than one of them was hit badly. If they are allowed to refit quietly on the very coast of China, the French will avoid the most troublesome obstacle in their way. A report from Shanghai illustrates the folly of refusing to call things by their right names in another way. It is said that the foreign Consuls have

protested against the GOVERNOR's intention to take measures for blocking the river. There is something which has more than the appearance of unfairness in thus hampering the efforts of the Chinese to defend themselves, but the Consuls are technically in the right. As long as China does not acknowledge that it is at war, the Consuls are entitled to take measures for keeping open the treaty ports. It must be supposed that the Government at Peking are fully aware of the harm they would do their own cause by persisting in their present course. The most probable explanation of their obstinacy hitherto is that they have kept on hoping to be able to localize the war in Tonquin, and perhaps that they still look for the assistance of neutral Powers. By this time they must see the folly of both hopes. The French have very naturally declined to allow their opponent to dictate the terms of the fight, and all the neutral Powers have done is to tie the hands of the Chinese military authorities. If the Tsung-li-Yamen had accepted the consequences of its refusal to pay an indemnity for the Long Son affair at once, Admiral COURBET would not have enjoyed the good luck of getting quietly to the back of the forts at Foochow. The half-measures taken up to the present have had all the inconveniences and none of the advantages of war; and it may be taken for granted that, if the declaration has not been made already, it will not be long delayed. All the news from China goes against the supposition that the Imperial Government still thinks of yielding.

The French, for their part, are also beginning to discover that war has a remarkable power of growing. It is not much to the credit of the sagacity of the Republican Government that it has profited so little by the experience of its predecessors in Algeria. M. FERRY and his colleagues would seem to have persuaded themselves almost as completely as the Mandarins at Peking that they could stop the course of things whenever they pleased. They are now learning that when a civilized Power establishes itself among barbarians it must conquer all or nothing. Unless a sudden revolution in the palace at Peking clears the way for them, a war with China is inevitable; and that is a very serious business. Ministerial papers have almost given up trying to prove that a few cheap and easy acts of reprisal will be enough. They are beginning to talk of expeditions, and of the despatch of reinforcements. In itself this is a severe check for the policy of M. FERRY. It can be no consolation for his supporters to know that, if France is prepared to make a sufficiently vigorous effort, it can in all probability defeat the Chinese thoroughly. The fact that the effort has to be made is just what shows that the policy of half-measures and bullying has been a hopeless failure. China may suffer, and doubtless will suffer, most severely in the fight; but the army and the finances of France will none the less be subject to a strain which they are in no condition to support. There is something almost pathetic in the way one chance of a speedy settlement after another is failing the French Ministry. The presence of Admiral COURBET's squadron produced no terror. Foochow Arsenal was bombarded without in the least disturbing the Mandarins at Peking. No sooner had Admiral LESPES seized Keelung than it was discovered that nothing had been gained by the step. The coal-mines were found to be full of water, and the island of Formosa generally turns out to be such a difficult nut to crack that it would be almost as easy, and much more effectual, to invade the Empire at once. Every day the necessity of an expedition to Peking becomes more obvious. Admiral COURBET may bombard a few ports; but that policy has its disadvantages. The French squadron will have to engage the forts in front for the future, and it by no means follows that it will be uniformly successful. We have just learnt at our own expense that even the Kinpai forts were far from having been entirely destroyed during the late operations on the Min River. Moreover, whatever harm Admiral COURBET may do, the Chinese Government is not likely to be seriously disturbed as long as Peking is safe. In his last confidence to an interviewer M. FERRY still affected to believe that China would not declare war; but, from his care in insisting on the certainty of large pecuniary gains to be made somehow out of the enemy, he would seem to be preparing the public for an early and severe call on its pocket. It is very characteristic of the present generation of French public men that this avowal of a highly ignoble motive is accompanied by empty declamation about the honour and flag of France. Neither is there any incongruity in the terms chosen by the PREMIER to praise

Admiral COURBET. He informed the interviewer that this officer "had not yet done" (he has done nothing), and that "he will yet accomplish something to make himself talked about." The ideal of the Third Republic would seem to be a policy of *pourboire* for the country and a paradise of newspaper renown for its officers.

Now that the last chance of a peaceful arrangement has disappeared, the consequences of the French policy to our own interests will cease to be mere matters of speculation. We have had more than one lesson already. The mistake of the Chinese gunners in the Kinpai forts proves something more than their hitherto doubtful capacity to hit a mark. It shows that no English vessel in these waters will be safe while hostilities last. The plundering of the foreign houses at the Pagoda is another event of the same kind. It is said, and we can well believe it, that the Chinese made no distinctions between the property of Frenchmen and any other. In the very probable occurrence of anti-foreign riots in the treaty ports, it is scarcely likely that the mob will be more discriminating than the people of Foochow. The danger is quite real enough to make it a matter of pressing necessity to take proper precautions. That the first of these is the immediate despatch of reinforcements to the China station has been pointed out twenty times already, and, to judge by the fact that the *Opal* corvette has been ordered to join Admiral DOWELL, it would seem that the Ministry has at last recognized its duty to some extent. But an addition of one cruiser is far less than what is required by the circumstances. The *Daily News*, indeed, is confident that the Chinese squadron is likely to prove equal to all possible demands; but this official opinion contrasts very favourably for the frankness of the journal, if not to the credit of its reasoning power, with the evidence it hastens to produce that the direct contrary is the case. From a list of the ships under Admiral DOWELL's command, printed opposite this optimist leader, it appears that, out of twenty-three vessels on the station, fifteen are diminutive gunboats designed to hunt for pirate junks and land an occasional rocket party. Of the remaining eight, one, the *Wivern*, a weak turret-ship of an obsolete type, is laid up at Hong Kong. Admiral DOWELL's flagship, the *Audacious*—an ironclad box-frigate of the *Swiftsure* class—can only steam twelve knots an hour. This is the highest speed attained by any ship in the squadron. The remainder are unarmoured corvettes and gun-vessels. The naval force of the French, twenty-eight pennants in all, only includes eleven small boats, while "in other respects" the French ships are mostly large, strongly built, capably "equipped, and fast sailors." If therefore "all demands" should by any chance include another Tamatave incident on a larger scale, it would really appear very doubtful whether our squadron is likely to prove quite strong enough for the occasion. Under the circumstances it could scarcely be thought excessive, if the *Téméraire*, which cannot go up the Nile and is not wanted at Suakim, were to proceed to China from the dockyard at Malta.

THE FRANCHISE AGITATION.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has no inconsiderable advantage on his side in speaking as he does next week. There is nothing which is a greater godsend to a controversialist, especially on the platform, than a great body of his opponents' utterances ready to his hand for criticism. Nor could a critic wish for matter giving more tempting opportunity of comment than Mr. GLADSTONE's and Mr. TREVELYAN's recent orations, with their curious fallacies, their damaging admissions, and their yet more curious and damaging silence on points of the utmost importance. This, however, is by no means the only respect in which Sir STAFFORD is, in Turf parlance, "on velvet." The popular demonstrations of the past few weeks have shown how absolutely idle is the contention that Lord SALISBURY, and Lord SALISBURY only, objects to the unprecedented juggling with the parts of the Government Reform Bill. No Conservative probably, and certainly no independent politician, expected that the opponents of the Bill would muster in anything like the strength they have shown; and while no Conservative certainly, and probably no independent politician, can attribute decisive force to this method of expressing popular opinion, it is impossible that both should not be encouraged by success on a ground which is almost entirely the adversary's own ground. But perhaps the greatest

advantage which fortune has put in the hands of the Opposition leaders is the obvious flurry and distraction of the extremer Ministerial partisans. Headed back by Mr. GLADSTONE from the cry of "Down with the House of Lords," they are endeavouring some of them to maintain that cry against Mr. GLADSTONE himself, some of them to eat their own words and to make out that the passage of the Franchise Bill is, and always has been, their only care, and some of them to do a little of both. Even Mr. TREVELYAN, not usually an excitable person, appears to have completely lost his head, and quotes with approbation the military maxim of that great commander General SHERIDAN. There was another commander of whom Mr. TREVELYAN, as a man of letters, must have heard, and who uttered a sentiment even more appropriate to Mr. TREVELYAN's case than "Let everything go in." "The Devil take order now; I'll to the throng," seems to express Mr. TREVELYAN's sentiments excellently. His humbler followers have caught his spirit, and have openly incited, and almost implored, the Trade-Unions to take part, as Trade-Unions, in a purely party agitation—a proceeding which, before they lost their heads, Liberals, even rather extreme Liberals, would have deprecated as earnestly as the staunchest Whig or the most high-flying Tory. The same persons affect to scout the very demand for argument. And certainly this is not the least prudent of their affectations. The enlargement of the Franchise is a good in itself so evident, and the necessity of separating that enlargement from Redistribution a fact so undoubted, that nothing need be said on the merits of either point. To shout "The Bill, the half Bill, and nothing more than the half Bill," and to compare triumphantly the attendance in an out-of-the-way country park, in pouring rain, with the muster in fine weather in the second city of the Empire as far as population goes, these are the methods of conviction to which a party that once boasted, if it did not show, its trust in argument alone has been reduced. Rather, perhaps, it should be said, it has reduced itself to such methods by engaging headlong in an indeterminate agitation, without examining the grounds, counting the chances, or so much as considering what it is that it is fighting for, what it wants, and what the character of the opposition is which is offered to its desires.

The pitch of unreason to which a very intelligent politician can be driven by a fixed idea could hardly be better illustrated than by Mr. TREVELYAN's peroration, and by his passionate declaration that, Lord SALISBURY or no Lord SALISBURY, the Franchise Bill must and shall be passed. Must and shall are awkward words in statesmen's mouths; but something in this respect must be forgiven to Mr. TREVELYAN, who in relation to the enlargement of the County Franchise is a lioness robbed of her own pet and special cub. But, if Mr. TREVELYAN had thought a little, if he had asked himself a very few questions, it might perhaps have seemed to him that Mr. GLADSTONE or no Mr. GLADSTONE would have been a much better form of expletive. It is not Lord SALISBURY who has held the hapless Reform Bill up by one leg and bisected it; it is not Lord SALISBURY who has prorogued Parliament in a pet, and lost the fruits of any number of dull nights' debate, because the other half of the mutilated innocent has been inquired after. If enfranchisement is delayed, the delay certainly lies nearer to a certain door in Downing Street than to Hatfield or Dieppe. Radical orators may possibly induce their shouting mobs to forget the facts of the case; it is even possible—for man is a very queer animal—that they may induce themselves to forget them. Judging from the exaggerations of the Glasgow procession, and from the conversion into a political demonstration of what seems to have been really little more than a multiplied and varied muster of trade advertisements, like unto the Gigantic Hat which once scandalized Mr. CARLYLE, there are few flights which Radical imagination cannot take. It would appear from some indignant comments which have been made on Sir R. Cross's outspoken language at Ormskirk, that it has now taken the flight of believing that the Lords did reject the Franchise Bill, and must have rejected it, because several public speakers have asserted and several public meetings have voted that it was rejected. The argument is not a burlesque invention of ours; it has been gravely used in print. From the language of Ministerial speakers and from the language of their supporters in the press, the kind of oblivion and the kind of imagination which excitement induces are all they hope or care to bring about. But some of them know—one of them certainly knows—that even with the present constituencies

it would be very hard to keep up this oblivion and this imagination sufficiently long to give time for the polls, and so Mr. TREVELYAN borrows the language of General SHERIDAN, and implores his party to "let everything go in" in order that the Franchise Bill may be carried. It surely might at least have struck him that Mr. GLADSTONE has only to let a Redistribution Bill go in, and the thing would be done. The excuse of want of time and preparation has been taken away by maladroit partisans of the Ministry, and the world has been informed that a Redistribution Bill is all ready, only it cannot be produced. There have been few recent occasions when the little word "why" has been of more virtue. It would have been really interesting in the very highest degree if Mr. TREVELYAN had told us, if he had even attempted to tell us, why it cannot.

That, however, is exactly what he and his party have made up their minds not to tell, except to the extent of Mr. GLADSTONE's half-innocent and half-cynical confession that a Redistribution Bill, without the threat of the two million beasts loose and no cages ready, would be so dreadfully inconvenient to him. They go on in all the variety of manners appropriate to a party which contains politicians of the stamp of Mr. TREVELYAN and politicians of the stamp of Sir WILFRID LAWSON expatiating on the blessings of having two million more voters, and the wickedness of those who delay this blessing. But not one word will they say when they are asked whether it would not be wiser to make up our minds what we are going to do with the two millions when we have got them. They decline to do so much as notice the inexpugnable statistics as to the effect of enfranchisement without redistribution, not merely on the relative status of different constituencies, but on the internal constitution of individual constituencies. It is nothing to them that in the far from improbable event of a forced dissolution before the second Bill was carried, the whole representative system would be in sheer chaos, and the resulting Parliament might as well have been tossed up for as far as representation goes. They sometimes go so far as to repudiate with indignation the idea of an unfair Redistribution Bill; but they take very good care to say nothing to the retort, "If it is not unfair, why is it not produced?" In short, by their own account they have left off arguing for enfranchisement because it is superfluous, and have not begun arguing for redistribution because it is premature. They declare that the country is with them, and refuse to take the country's voice; they declare that the Franchise Bill must and shall be passed, and refuse to take the obvious and only means of passing the Franchise Bill.

SOUTH AFRICAN FREEBOOTING.

AMONG many passages in Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches which implied a half-conscious contempt for his audience none was more remarkable for audacity and levity than his mention of the affairs of South Africa. A speaker who heartily respects those whom he addresses not only tells the truth as he understands it, but takes all reasonable pains to avoid declarations which might propagate or confirm erroneous opinions. A mere charlatan, on the other hand, is careless in investigation, and unscrupulous in statement. The popular orator standing between the two extremes deceives others by the easy process of first deceiving himself. A sarcastic writer who had once occasion to pass a severe censure on Mr. DISRAELI's character and conduct, began his next paragraph by an attack on "that deeper, 'because more unconscious hypocrite'"; and it is true that an ingrained habit of self-delusion is more deeply seated than mere inaccuracy of language. It would have been well if the criticism had, without essential modification, been expressed in a phrase more courteous. Mr. GLADSTONE would probably not have boasted to his applauding constituents of his abandonment of the Transvaal, if he had not persuaded himself that his conduct was patriotic and just; but if he could, when his own excellences are the subject of contemplation, condescend to serious thought and inquiry, he could scarcely fail to perceive that there is some foundation for the almost unanimous disapproval of all who remember his proceedings in 1880, and who have since witnessed the inevitable result. Experience has justified the expectation that abject submission to an adversary would provoke farther encroachment; but Mr. GLADSTONE has either not made himself acquainted with the state of affairs in South Africa, or has given them some paradoxical interpretation of his own. The Roman poet asserted that the

rule of the Empire in its height of power and glory was to spare the conquered and crush the proud by force of arms. The metre will not allow of the inversion which Mr. GLADSTONE, as representing another Imperial Power, has applied in practice—*Parcere superbis et debellare subjectos* is a doctrine as unworthy in substance as it is prosaic in language.

If the intelligence of Midlothian justifies the adulatory praises of its member, Scotchmen are nevertheless not exempt from the tendency of multitudes to be more easily deluded than the several persons who compose them. A shouting assembly of ten thousand partisans cannot stop to think whether a bold statement is reasonable or true. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he may perhaps not have deliberately relied on collective ignorance and folly, elicited the customary applause by describing the imaginary conduct of his Government when the Boers of the Transvaal first retracted their acceptance of English sovereignty. It may be true that, as he said, a large majority of the whole number signed petitions for the restoration of the independent Republic; but their acquiescence in annexation, even if they were not morally committed to permanent union, gave the English Government the right to consult its own interest and convenience in determining the time and the conditions of separation. If there is any difference of opinion on the subject, no such doubt appeared to trouble Mr. GLADSTONE or his colleagues. The malcontent Boers were informed that any special grievances should be examined and redressed, but that the sovereignty of the QUEEN must be respected, and that if necessary it would be vindicated by force. A small body of troops was despatched to the frontier of the Transvaal, where a body of Boers had assembled in arms; and after two ill-conducted and unsuccessful skirmishes the Government still maintained its claim. A third defeat, though it would have had no effect on the result of the campaign, frustrated Mr. GLADSTONE's resolution. The commander of the English troops, in spite of his advice and remonstrances, was ordered to conclude an armistice preparatory to negotiations which resulted in a Convention.

The insurgents, though they must have been astonished by their triumph, perceived that their principal object was effected, for it was obvious that a nominal reservation of the so-called suzerainty of the Crown would not practically interfere with their independence. Verbal securities were taken for the protection of the loyal natives who formed the overwhelming majority of the population of the Transvaal. Mr. GLADSTONE forgot at Edinburgh the existence of the humble allies whom his policy has consigned to servitude and spoliation. For the Boers who have since treated him and his convention with opprobrious contempt he had only laudatory epithets to employ. The audience responded with unanimous clamour of assent to his indignant demand whether it would have been right to fight against a brave and simple community which only demanded freedom to manage its own affairs. Mr. GLADSTONE himself had emphatically maintained the policy which he now condemns, till he was unnerved by the disaster of Majuba. Another battle conducted with reasonable prudence would have overcome the resistance of the insurgents, and, against the hypothetical "bloodguiltiness" which Mr. GLADSTONE deprecated, might have been set the tenfold greater saving of life which would have been caused by the prevention of the wars promoted by the Transvaal Boers in all the borders of the Transvaal. They at least are not afraid of bloodguiltiness, if only it is profitable. The Bechuana and the Zulus have learned by hard experience that, beyond the remaining British possessions, there is no law and no security for property except superiority of force. The validity of the convention was questioned by the Boers almost as soon as it had been concluded; and not long since a delegation was sent to England for the purpose of obtaining modifications, which have been for the most part conceded. When the envoys returned to Pretoria the new conditions were again denounced, and language of brutal insolence was used against English functionaries of the highest character. Lord DERBY had made stipulations for the protection of the friendly chief MONTSIOA; but the delegates had hardly returned from England when the territories of MONTSIOA were invaded, and his English defender and adviser was killed either in his defence or perhaps in some less excusable manner.

On the other side of the Transvaal the Dutch freebooters have taken possession of nearly the whole of

Zululand; and in their case conquest means not political dominion only, but the forcible acquisition of landed property. Only a few weeks ago the freebooters joined the Usutus, or former adherents of CETEWAYO, in his struggle with USIBEPU, who had been confirmed by the English Government in possession of his own territory. The Boers crowned DINIZULU, son of CETEWAYO, as king; but it seems that his reign was of short duration, and that his patrons have seized his country for themselves. On his land, and on USIBEPU's, they have, according to the latest accounts, appropriated to themselves five millions of acres of land, or a district equal in extent to a seventh part of England and Wales. The land is, according to their custom, divided into 800 farms, each of 6,000 acres. The Boers of South Africa have no love for small freeholds, and there can be no doubt that their large domains must be rendered profitable by the compulsory service of the natives. Their social and political theories have the merit of originality, and it cannot be denied that they appropriate the property of their neighbours with admirable energy and perseverance. The moral disapprobation which is suggested by their proceedings is not unmingled with a kind of respect. In dealing with natives the adventurous Boer

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.

His vigour and his daring have earned their reward; but it is a strange anomaly that they should command the eulogies of Mr. GLADSTONE. The protection of the natives and the assertion of covenanted rights concerned England far more nearly than the settlement of the Montenegro boundary or the extension of the territory of Greece. No English statesman ought to speak of the policy of late years in South Africa except with contrition and shame; but the most culpable of many errors which have been perpetrated was the capitulation of Majuba. The honour of the British arms might not have furnished a sufficient reason for beginning a war; but when the campaign had once begun, overtures for peace were shameful confession of defeat. A convention signed after a victory would have been respected. Terms conceded by the triumphant Boers have been utterly disregarded. The cheers which welcomed Mr. GLADSTONE's complacent mention of a discreditable transaction deprive the Edinburgh meeting of any authority which it might be supposed to possess. If the conduct of the Government in South Africa is applauded, all its less unmingled miscarriages may, on the same principle, be condoned.

THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

THE delegates of the Trades-Unions who attend the Congress at Aberdeen have merited the praise usually given to the British working-man when he discusses things from his point of view. They have said nothing violent, have not proposed to rob anybody, and, if they have talked nonsense, it has been just the nonsense talked by many others. Two subjects have occupied most of their time. First they sang the praises of the Franchise Bill, and then they called for more inspectors; but interest in these blessings is not confined to working-men. Mere repetition of well-worn commonplaces on the standing topics of the day is a good means of proving that society is in no danger from the Trade-Unions. Whether it is the best way of showing that the Congress is of any use is another thing. Society has long made its mind up about the harmlessness of Trade-Unions considered as possible enemies of order. It is now convinced that they do not intend to open the floodgates of anarchy, and has come to look to them for information as to what the working classes really do want. From the speeches delivered at Aberdeen it appears that, if the Congress represents this overpowering part of the community, any meeting might have been spared. Nothing is to be found in them which is not absolutely familiar to the reader of the newspapers already. The Congress has hitherto been nothing but an ordinary Caucus meeting. It has passed the usual resolutions in favour of this and that. It has asked Mr. GLADSTONE for a speech, and, very naturally under the circumstances, it has not got it. It has talked a good deal about the rights of the people; but what it has not done is to say anything of any particular interest on purely industrial questions.

Even considered as a Caucus, the Congress has been dreadfully flat. Its resolutions have been tame repetitions of established Radical formulas. The members have unanimously decided that the Franchise Bill is an admirable measure, which ought to have been passed, and shall be

passed; all of which we have heard equally well put before. The precedents of the Caucus were followed down to the minutest detail. When Mr. HARRIS, of Preston, who seems to take himself seriously as a delegate, moved an amendment expressing "regret that a Redistribution Bill" was not introduced along with the Franchise Bill, he was summarily disposed of with hisses, groans, laughter, and cries of order. This ingenuous representative of the British working-man thought that, as the Congress was there to speak for different trade societies composed of all parties, it had better avoid party questions. The rebuke administered to Mr. HARRIS by the Treasurer illustrated the good Radical view of the proper uses of a Congress very neatly. This official informed Mr. HARRIS gravely that it was he who introduced the party question. He ought to have gone with the machine, and then there would have been no difference and no need for discussion. The tendency of the Congress to turn itself into a political meeting was further illustrated by the treatment it gave to the Shipping Bill of unfortunate memory. Here, at least, was a very genuine trade question; and it might have been supposed that a body of working-men would have had some interest in the details of a measure which was meant to do something for a part of themselves. Not at all. It talked the usual vapid stuff about class interests and the wicked selfishness of ship-owners, and then left the matter alone. Apparently the Congress takes an interest in the Shipping Bill, not because it was likely to have some influence on the conditions of a sailor's life, but because it was part of the political stock-in-trade of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Wherever the Congress turned it seems to have found politics, and one particular set of political ideas, right in its way. Theoretically, the members are opposed to State interference; but their uniform resource when they came to make a suggestion was to vote that something should be done by the State. Several of the delegates expressed themselves very ill-satisfied with the amount of direct Parliamentary representation enjoyed by the working classes. The remedy for this would seem to be obvious enough. They have only to elect more working men as members and exercise their undoubted right of paying them if they please. A motion to that effect was proposed and carried, but it was immediately afterwards corrected by another motion by which the Congress declared itself of opinion that all members of Parliament should be paid by the State. From whatever point the delegates start they always arrive at this recommendation in one form or another. The speech which Lord ROSEBURY delivered was composed in nearly equal quantities of compliment to his hosts, and of political matter which would have been equally in place at any ordinary public meeting. He had nothing more appropriate to say than that a great trade-union lost the United States, and that now perhaps another would serve the Empire by promoting a federation with the Colonies. It may be a good thing to know that a rising Liberal politician values our Colonial Empire and has praiseworthy, though slightly confused ideas as to the proper way of preserving it, but that also was known already without the help of the Trade-Unions Congress.

In the intervals of political discussion the Congress had leisure to apply its favourite nostrum to more genuine trade questions. Having started with a formal disclaimer of any desire for further intervention by the State, it kept coming back to demands for more Acts of Parliament and more inspectors. The Employers' Liability Amendment Bill, one of the most perfect examples of State Socialism seen in our time, was praised at large, and recommended. It would be useless to look for any convincing proof of the failure of the existing Act in the speeches delivered in the Congress, but two general propositions were approved of very decisively. The first was that employers should no longer be allowed to contract themselves out of the Act. As far as the terms used go, it appears that the Congress really thinks that an employer can get rid of his liability, though the members must know that he can do no more than establish a general fund for compensation, and that this has been done to avoid the necessity of legal proceedings. Before such an arrangement is declared illegal it should at least be shown that workmen lose by it; but no proof of the existence of a grievance has ever been produced. In the second place the Congress voted a resolution to the general effect that the employer should have no right of appeal; in other words, they wish for State interference to bind the other side. The resolution is an instructive com-

ment on their assertion that the British workman asks for nothing but the removal of "State obstruction to freedom" and equality and prosperity." Next to a good stiff Act of Parliament, the Congress seems to have been most in love with the Government Inspector. It expressed its approval of the Canal Boats Act Amendment Bill on the ground that it aimed at improving the condition of the canal population by giving more power to the local authorities. On Tuesday it ended its proceedings by unanimously voting that the Parliamentary Committee should be instructed to urge on Government the necessity of appointing more practical men, and, where expedient, women, as factory and workshop inspectors. On the whole, if the Congress has been dull and very barren of instruction, on essentially trade questions it shows two things very plainly. The amount of time and attention it has devoted to the Franchise Bill proves clearly that those who believed that the Trade-Unions would inevitably tend to become political machines were thoroughly in the right. The delegates of workmen's societies have as good a claim as anybody else to discuss questions of general political interest, and they may possibly deal with them quite as intelligently as an average public meeting. If they choose, however, to devote themselves to matters on which they are certainly not likely to be a better authority than any chance assembly, they must give up all pretension to speak with exceptional competence. The Trade-Unions Congress will become only one Caucus among many, and the proceedings at Aberdeen afford tolerably satisfactory evidence that it will not be more impartial or independent than other bodies of that kind. Instead of being a meeting of workmen to discuss and illustrate those things which workmen are in a position to understand better than other people, it will be only a gathering of wirepullers or their mouthpieces. In that way the Congress will convince everybody that it is not dangerous by becoming superfluous. That sonorous phrase "the people" has been so pawed about of late that it has become stale, and a Trade-Unions Congress which repeats the commonplaces of political agitators will find it hard to show that it has any exclusive right to speak in the people's name, simply because it is partly composed of workmen, or persons who were workmen once. The repeated demand for more Government inspectors affords a useful interpretation of what is meant by saying that workmen desire no State interference. They prefer the control of the State machinery. The delegates are doubtless not consciously aiming at anything but the means of defending the class they represent. They are none the less working to produce a state of things in which all industry will be strictly controlled for their own benefit. The "equality of opportunity" of which Mr. BROADHURST spoke will not be allowed to the employer of labour when the workman has learnt that the power of using the resources of the State is a very good substitute for freedom from its control.

EGYPT.

LORD WOLSELEY and Lord NORTHBROOK have been presented to the KHEIVÉ; Lord NORTHBROOK has presented his credentials and declared his intentions, and the KHEIVÉ is said to be highly satisfied with the declarations. Englishmen in general would be very glad to be highly satisfied too. But here Lord NORTHBROOK and the KHEIVÉ have the advantage of them in a very important point. They know (or may be supposed to know, from the announcement of the KHEIVÉ's satisfaction) what Lord NORTHBROOK has gone out to do; and certainly all men in England out of the Cabinet—perhaps some men in England who are in the Cabinet—do not. Yet it is very important that Lord NORTHBROOK should do something, perhaps as important as that Lord WOLSELEY should. In this particular place little will be said of the task which the victor of Tel-el-Kebir has undertaken—according to Alexandrian and Cairene croakers, too late. Opinions differ materially, and almost hopelessly, on the question whether a continued fall of the Nile would make the projected river expedition in force impossible. It is certain, however, that the alternative route by Souakim is not only not impossible, but, despite its difficulty, by no means so difficult as the advocates of universal scuttling tried to represent it a year ago; and there is no doubt that by one way or another Lord WOLSELEY can—if he chooses, and is permitted—march any desirable number of English soldiers to Khartoum. That an entire regiment is already *en route* for Dongola is

satisfactory in itself, but is not decisive as to the final adoption of the river route for the whole force, inasmuch as Dongola must in any case be held, unless Lower Nubia is to be handed over at once to the MAHDI. But, grave as the military situation is (and its gravity is by no means measured by, or even very closely connected with, the number of inches that the Nile is falling or may fall), it is certainly not more important than the political situation. The sincerest satisfaction at the failure of the Conference can never have disguised from any rational man's eyes the fact, which was indeed amply recognized and insisted on before the Conference began to sit, that the mere summoning of it must aggravate the political difficulties of England. They have been aggravated, though to an extent and in a manner not so hopeless as would have been the case if the Anglo-French Agreement had come into force. What Lord NORTHBROOK has gone to do in detail can only be guessed; what he has gone to do in general, or at least what he ought to have gone to do, is pretty obvious.

No one perhaps believes exactly the agreeable stories which are being circulated on the Continent as to a league of all the Powers to take England by the throat and make her disgorge Egypt. Even Mr. NISBY would probably be of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled on the sixth instant in this case. But it is certain that England is not in good odour with other Powers just now, and that the present English Government is in odour still less good; that France is anxious, by hook or by crook, to regain the influence in Egypt which she has lost and lost again by two of the most flagrant and inexplicable diplomatic blunders recently recorded; that the indemnities offer a very good handle to any Power that wishes to make itself disagreeable; that the sensitiveness of Southern and Central Europe about the sanitary control of the Canal is a great deal stronger than most Englishmen, with our comparatively safe position and our ingrained distrust of quarantine, seem to understand; and, lastly, that the epidemic of colonization which is prevalent just now makes some foreigners as anxious about the political control of the waterway as the epidemic of cholera makes them about the sanitary control. All these things, if they do not exactly trouble, make trouble possible, and it can hardly be doubted that it is part at least of Lord NORTHBROOK's business to get one, and the most inconvenient of them, the indemnity business, out of the way. It has been rumoured that Egypt has offered—that is to say, has been instructed to offer—a composition with her creditors in the shape of prompt payment at so much discount or full payment in so many yearly instalments. If such a proposal had been based on the poverty of the country there would be less to say against it than against the rumoured excuse of exaggerated claims. For it is sufficiently evident that if the indemnities have been, by a constituted authority, fixed too high, they ought to be lowered by a constituted authority, and not by a process of bargaining such as the marine store-keeper carried on for DAVID COPPERFIELD's waistcoat. But that it is the interest of England to settle these indemnities—that it is, indeed, doubly and trebly her interest—can hardly be questioned, except by those who wish us to wash our hands of Egypt and all things Egyptian at once and finally. For the settlement would, as has been pointed out, deprive possibly troublesome persons of their most convenient instrument of troubling; it would, by taking away a pressing debt, or at least funding that debt, relieve the present uncertain and burdened condition of Egyptian finances; and, lastly, it would add another, and a strong, strand to the rope which binds England and Egypt together—a rope which, considering the numerous and nimble hands that have an interest in untwisting or cutting it, can hardly be too strong.

The settlement of the indemnities, however, though it is the most pressing matter, bears to other matters only the relation of a tradesman's bill (to meet which simply requires a sufficient balance at the banker's and the will to draw on it) to a complicated lawsuit in which all manner of damaging but indefinite claims are, or may be, put forward. If Lord NORTHBROOK's mission comes to an end without some attempt to deal with the Anglo-Egyptian difficulties which correspond to this lawsuit, it will have been a very imperfect and a somewhat absurd undertaking. Now those difficulties were, according to the Anglo-French Agreement and its corollaries, to be met by the almost total sacrifice of England's claims on Egypt, of her influence in Egypt, and perhaps of her control over the part of Egypt most valuable to her at the end of a few years—in fact, of not very many months. By this agreement, of course, the

condition precedent of its validity not having come into existence, even Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry is not bound; still less is any Ministry that may follow Mr. GLADSTONE'S. But, unfortunately, the mere suggestion of it has given foreign Powers an opportunity of making themselves, to say the least, very unpleasant. Their competence to meddle in Egyptian affairs, their right to ask politely when England is going, and even their claim to interfere with the status of the Suez Canal, have been not indeed recognized, but considered with a view to recognition. The indignant disclaimer on the part of the Government as to a Multiple Control does not, unfortunately, bar or blot out the remembrance of the fact that for months they haggled and bargained about something which was a Multiple Control under the thinnest of disguises. Now, if there is one point on which, in the present unhappy and disunited condition of English political thought on questions of home and foreign policy, there is a decided unanimity of feeling on the part of the great majority of Englishmen, it is this said Multiple Control. Almost all Tories, a vast majority of Liberals who are not Radicals, and no inconsiderable minority of Radicals themselves, detest, abhor, and abominate any such thing. How indeed some members of these last two classes reconcile their avowed dislike of a shared Control, and their still more openly avowed resolve not to tolerate an exclusive or preponderant Control by any Power not English, with their expressed hopes that England will come out of Egypt very soon indeed, it may be difficult to see. But that is their business, not ours. The fact of the consent of all but a small minority is certain. Now it is Lord NORTHBROOK'S business, though possibly not his avowed business, to see how to meet this consent, how to repair the blunder of the Conference, to checkmate the intriguers against England in Egypt, and to wrest from the intriguers out of it such hold and purchase as they may now possess. It is a very pretty commission for a man to be charged with, and if Lord NORTHBROOK carries it out, there is no praise which he will not deserve.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW.

THE correspondence in the *Times* on the respective merits of Assizes and County Courts bears some resemblance to the famous conversation between Mrs. ALLEN and Mrs. THORPE in *Northanger Abbey*. Between those two ladies there was no interchange of ideas, and rarely any community of subject, for Mrs. THORPE talked chiefly of her children, and Mrs. ALLEN of her gowns. Some of the contributors to this later and more solemn controversy extol the merits of a travelling judicature with the "highest lawyers" for judges, and a choice, not to say expensive, Bar. Others praise the humbler, but, as they suggest, more sterling virtues of cheap and easy justice, as administered by the creations of Lord BROUGHAM'S innovating vigour. There is no reason why a dispute thus conducted should not last for ever, or, at all events, as long as that Carlist war in which the troops engaged at double rifleshot, and the only persons endangered were disinterested spectators. But the subject is of real importance, and deserves more favourable treatment than a dropping fire of suggestions and insinuations extended over the Long Vacation. How to do the legal business of the country with as much speed and economy as are compatible with efficiency is a problem which it would be the greatest of public services to solve. Hitherto the discussion has produced nothing comparable in interest or value with the letter from an eminent authority which set it going. "W. B." is the thin disguise behind which the holder of almost the highest judicial office reveals, rather than conceals, his identity. His views would in any case be entitled to the most respectful attention, and they are stated with a rugged force which is well calculated to drive them home. "W. B." is a thoroughgoing supporter of the central as opposed to the separate system. He believes in keeping a body of judges in London, to be despatched into the country when required. The system was established when travelling was difficult, and why should it be altered now that travelling is easy? The best men would refuse to accept appointments which involved residence in provincial towns, and there would be an inefficient Bar, which is "the ruin of judges." A local judge would be too much before the local public. His idiosyncrasies would come to be known, and his personal prejudices would be played upon to the detriment of justice. The amount of new salaries required would be enormous, and

thus waste of money would be added to still more serious disadvantages. Such are "W. B.'s" objections to the institution of continuous sittings of Courts with unlimited jurisdiction in great centres of population. He predicts that if Manchester and Liverpool got what they think they want, and lost the attendance of judges and counsel from London which they now enjoy, they would "weep and lament." Of the new arrangements which came into force last circuit for the first time, and which some judges vehemently denounced, "W. B." approves in principle, though he thinks that they may require modification.

With the main points of "W. B.'s" argument his opponents have not shown much disposition to grapple. They prefer to expatiate on the excellence of County Courts. It must, however, be observed that there is a good deal of difference between a County Court and the sort of tribunal which Mr. NORWOOD and Mr. WHITLEY would establish. The jurisdiction of County Courts, except in cases of bankruptcy, is severely limited. A County Court judge is not a stationary person. He has a circuit, often a large one, and may live quite apart from the society in which he works. His "Bar" consists, for the most part, not of inferior counsel, but of solicitors, who are often men of great ability in the front rank of their profession. To enlarge the jurisdiction of County Courts is, of course, one way of relieving the pressure of business, and of protecting London from judicial depletion. We do not wish to wound the feelings of County Court judges. The recent recognition of their status is but a poor return for the increase of duty which has been thrust upon them by various statutes, more especially by the Employers' Liability Act. Nevertheless, we believe it to be the opinion of those best qualified to form one that the functions of County Court judges are now quite on a level with their powers. Rightly or wrongly, it has been established as a rule that a County Court judgeship is a final appointment; though such men as Mr. PITT TAYLOR, Mr. DANIEL, Mr. MOTTERAM, and Sir RICHARD HARINGTON are better lawyers than some members of the Queen's Bench Division. These are exceptional cases. Every now and then an application to the High Court of Justice shows how extraordinary may be the effect of isolation and freedom from criticism upon the legal mind. There are, no doubt, other local tribunals besides the County Courts which answer fairly well. There is the Court of Passage at Liverpool. There is the Court of the Vice-Chancellor for the County Palatine, which "W. B." has been charged with neglecting to mention, but of which the judge often sits at Lincoln's Inn. Still, there is no doubt much weight in "W. B.'s" contention that, for the decision of heavy commercial cases, or of suits gravely affecting personal character, or of heinous criminal indictments, what people expect, and what they will not be satisfied without, is a thoroughly independent, impartial, authoritative lawyer, whose professional reputation is impressive, while his personal habits or prejudices are unknown. It was the rule in old times, before the multiplication of assizes, that a judge should not go the same circuit twice within two years. In London, as "W. B." points out, a judge's identity is lost in the crowd. When he leaves the Bench, he becomes immediately absorbed into general society. In Leeds or Birmingham he would be a local notability, whose opinions and pursuits would be the subject of gossip and speculation. Justice, or at least the highest kind of justice, should be more impersonal than this.

The difficulty of the present system is the interruption which it causes to the work of the Courts in London. We do not speak for the moment of the desire for "continuous sittings" in Liverpool and Manchester, though we are aware that Mr. WHITLEY carried the second reading of his Bill against the Government last Session, and though it is not improbable that something will have to be done in this direction. To avoid inconvenience to metropolitan suitors, it was settled that last circuit only the judges of the Queen's Bench Division should leave town, and that only one judge should visit the less populous places. The plan was much abused by some of those who had to carry it out, and it led to not a few inconveniences of the gravest kind. But no cause was made a remanet by judicial order, which means that all the business to be done was actually completed. "W. B." believes that the grouping or combination of counties for assize purposes in winter and summer as well as in spring and autumn is the best reform of all. But the marvellous tenacity with which every little assize town clings to its privilege, and perhaps it may be said, also, the experience of the change just referred to, make it difficult to pass the necessary measure

through Parliament. We have left ourselves little space to speak on the vexed question of appeals. "W. B." is quite convinced that they are necessary, and that they are not abused. We take it that the Court of Appeal is indispensable, and that access to it ought not to be in any way restricted. The LORD CHANCELLOR proposed to restrict it last Session; but his principle of a pecuniary limit would have constituted a fallacious test. Judges of first instance, especially Baron HUDDLESTON, are fond of denouncing the facility of appeal. "Every one appeals nowadays," they complain. "In the 'good old times' of the Exchequer Chamber it was very 'different.' It is a fact, and not an unnatural one, that judges do not like to see their decisions reversed. But their feelings cannot be consulted at the public expense, and it is also a fact that, whereas the Court of Appeal is now exceptionally strong, the Divisional Courts are decidedly weaker than the Courts sitting in banc used to be. The appointment of five Lords Justices, besides the Master of the Rolls, has acted as a drain. Divisional Courts ought, perhaps, to be abolished. It is a waste of judicial strength for a Court of First Instance to consist of more than one judge. As for the House of Lords its legal work is not heavy in quantity, but there are many instances in which it has undoubtedly for the first time got to the bottom of a case. On one point it seems to us that "W. B.'s" conservative optimism carries him too far. His justification of the monstrous rule which enables a question incidentally raised before a cause is heard to be taken from a Master to a Judge, from a Judge in Chambers to a Divisional Court, thence to the Court of Appeal, and finally to the House of Lords, is paradoxical and unconvincing. He says that the full right is only exercised once in five thousand times. But two appeals are common enough, and this multitude of preliminary skirmishes ends by giving the ultimate victory to the possessor of the longest purse.

LORD RIPON AND LORD DUFFERIN.

THE English party system is answerable for so much that is mischievous in the administration of our affairs that it is only fair to note every instance of its salutary working. If Ministers have too often to bid against Oppositions for popular favour by *ad captandum* legislation, they are, on the other hand, sometimes moved to attempt the recovery of public favour by judicious administrative steps. The approach of a general election may make bad laws, but it often makes good appointments; and, though it would be neither true nor gracious to say that the selection of the new Viceroy of India has been solely dictated by electioneering considerations, it would argue a very artless temper to suppose that such inducements have played no part in it. Lord DUFFERIN is to go to Calcutta not only because he is eminently fit to go there at any time, but also because of those reasons which are at this moment carrying Lord NORTHBROOK to Cairo, and which, about the time when the new Viceroy of India takes up his appointment, will be carrying Lord WOLSELEY to Khartoum. Over and above the practical advantage of appointing these able men to their respective posts and duties, there is the great consideration that their names "will look well in the bill." The British elector, whatever his other views of Ministerial policy, cannot, it is thought, but be pleased with the Government which has so wisely committed functions of such high importance as the pacification of the Soudan and the settlement of the North-West Frontier difficulty to our only general and our most brilliant diplomatist.

Those among us, meanwhile, who are not concerned with the electioneering aspect of the approaching change of administration in India, may be permitted to express their hearty approval of it on its own merits. Let us add, too, that we shall hardly speed the parting Viceroy with more warmth than we shall welcome the returning one; and though the cordiality in the latter case will of course be principally that of self-congratulation, it will not be unmixed with the feelings naturally claimed from us by an estimable man at length extricated from a thoroughly false position. The painful pressure of the round hole upon the angles of the square body is at last removed; and though the hole, it is true, has itself chiefly suffered from the pressure and been relieved by its removal, we may legitimately extend a share of our sympathy to the human peg. Still more willingly shall we do so when there is some uncertainty as to the extent to which it may have owed its inappropriate shape not so much to nature as to the

Downing Street jack-knife. Upon this, however, it is unprofitable to speculate. Lord RIPON is made of such soft wood that he offered a positive temptation to the carver, and it is not likely that he could in any case or in any capacity have escaped being fashioned more or less into the shape preferred by his official superiors. But, on the other hand, there is no reason to suppose that his administration of India would have differed materially from what it has been, even had he not been Governor-General under a GLADSTONE Administration. Of course it may be that, but for the necessity of emphasizing the "reversal policy," and of showing how much more easily the enlightened Liberal can govern India by his own methods than the brutal Tory by his, Lord RIPON might have been spared the commission of the gravest and most perilous of the blunders that marked his Indian rule. Those who look only at the best known and most prominent aspects of his character will be indisposed perhaps to credit him with initiative enough to have stirred up the muddy waters of Baboo vanity and disaffection with the Ilbert Bill entirely on his own account. But such preconceptions often lead observers astray. Weakness is frequently associated with a mixture of impulsiveness and obstinacy which passes for moral courage; and for an administrator to plunge suddenly into a rash policy and stick to it, even after a brave and resolute man might have become alarmed by its declared consequences, does not necessarily require either daring or constancy of the genuine sort. Qualities the reverse of admirable are quite sufficient to account both for the enterprise and for persistence in it. That Lord RIPON possessed these qualities is a fact of character of which his political record, and indeed his whole life's history, is eloquent. At the time of his appointment he had proved himself to be a man of no great moral stability; and, though his intellect is doubtless respectable enough, it is unfortunately of that precise order which is best calculated to co-operate for mischief with defects of temperament. The kind of intelligence which is powerfully influenced by the Radical humanitarian and philanthropic dogmas needs, above all things, to be corrected by a will and by effective impulses of an order different from those which so obviously belonged to Lord RIPON. The head which detects no unsoundness in the principles on which Radicalism would administer India ought at least not to be associated with one of those hearts of weak expansiveness towards humanity in general which prevent their possessors from even vaguely feeling those prudential doubts which they have failed to see. When such an association does occur in the ruler of a great dependency like India in quiet times, we get—and get off with—an abortive Ilbert Bill. When, if ever, it shall occur in the same person and place in troubled times, we would rather not venture to speculate on what we may get, or on what terms we shall get off. In the present case, however, all is well that ends well, or, rather, all is pretty well that ends better than it might have done. We shall have Lord RIPON home again out of mischief, and may thank our stars that what mischief he has done, though not inconsiderable, is nothing to what might have been done by him under favour of a malign fortune.

Of Lord DUFFERIN there is no need to speak at any length. His praises are in all the newspapers, and hardly more conspicuously in those of Liberal than those of Conservative persuasion, as indeed is only becoming in the case of one whose diplomatic services have been employed with equal advantage by Governments of both parties. He has shown brilliant capacity both as administrator and diplomatist; and in India, where a Governor-General ought to be a good deal of both, he will have ample opportunities of distinction. He goes out, moreover, at a critical time, when his qualities, diplomatic as well as administrative, are certain to be in particular demand, and on this account alone the public—as, indeed, also the public servant himself—is to be congratulated on the appointment. As an administrator he will have first and mainly to apply himself to the remedying of those evils which have not been interred with the bones of Lord RIPON's administration, but live after it; as a diplomatist, he will have to give the Home Government as much good information and wise counsel as they will consent to listen to, "and more"—as the old sentence to the *peine forte et dure* used to run—with respect to the arrangements to be made with Russia on the North-West Frontier. In the former of these enterprises time will be on his side; in the latter it is as likely as not to be against him, and the task in any case is one of a very different degree of difficulty from the other. Much importance is, we observe,

attached by some of Lord DUFFERIN's Liberal panegyrists to the fact of his having acted for two years as Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and no doubt personal intercourse with Russian statesmen cannot be otherwise than of service to a Viceroy of India. But the idea that it will put him in possession of certain mysterious "views" entertained by Russia on Central Asia—views which are only to be obtained in their purity and on the spot, so to speak, like the "wine of the country"—is an idea eminently characteristic of the academic Liberal mind. It is like asserting that it was from a personal acquaintance with freebooters that WORDSWORTH was enabled to define so accurately "the good old rule, the simple plan," which we all wot of in this connexion. The views of Russia on Central Asia do not need to be sought at St. Petersburg; they can be gathered with perfect accuracy from an examination of a good map and a file of newspapers for the last dozen years. And any prepossessions which should tend to substitute for conclusions so obtained on this point the more enlightened opinions which commend themselves to the British Radical would certainly not be a source of strength to a Governor-General of India.

TOPS.

OF the two games, or classes of games, which used to be, if they are not still, most popular with English youth below the cricket age, tops can hardly claim the intense and peculiar nationality of marbles. The Dutch, of course, make marbles, and therefore probably play them; but, to the best of our belief, there is not even a word in French to express the noble game of Ring Taw. Neither is there any trace of the game in antiquity; while tops are cosmopolitan and have a history. Everybody knows the celebrated simile in which Virgil (rather to the scandal of precise and ceremonious devotees of royalty on the one hand, and epic dignity on the other) compares Queen Amata to a *volubile buxum*, whipped round the *vacua atria* by small boys. There were tops in antiquity, there have been tops in the East, the explanation probably being that whipping something is always dear to the natural man. But as there is no intention here of parading cheap erudition, let us consider tops as a game, and not as an occasion for turning over dictionaries. Neither let it be more than noted that the irrepressible scientific man has taken possession of tops and invented strange and uncanny varieties of them, and turned their harmless vagaries into formulas of x and y , and otherwise abused their innocence.

Of tops there are many kinds, but they reduce themselves more or less to three, which, to arrange them in the order of dignity, are the humming-top, the whip-top, and the peg-top. The first everybody knows. It affords a mild but pleasing diversion, which needs little notice, except to protest against the hideous innovation of metallic tops, which, instead of humming, shriek with an un-musical and ghastly note; also their sides bump and bulge in an unseemly fashion, and their colouring is hideous to look on. There are only two orthodox shapes of humming-tops, and both ought to be made of wood. The one has its body shaped like a cylinder, much broader than it is high, and is usually small, being made of fine close wood; the other, and larger, is turnip-shaped, and it may, as a concession to infancy, be painted in divers colours. It would, by the way, be nearly as interesting to know who invented the handle of the humming-top as to know what name Achilles bore when in petticoats. The thing is remarkably ingenious in its simplicity, and hardly likely to have been suggested by anything else. Perhaps the only thing that can be affirmed with certainty is that somebody else got behind the inventor and clubbed him for the sake of his top very soon after it was noticed that he could spin it better than by the natural fashion of rolling the handle between flattened hands or twirling it with the fingers. Of the relation of teetotums to tops it is not lawful to speak at present.

The humming-top is, however, a solitary and rather selfish diversion, and—unless the gambling element is introduced, as it may be anywhere—it is somewhat monotonous. The whip-top, which seems to be the oldest and most universal form, is gregarious and competitive. There is something attractively honest in the extreme simplicity of the whip-top's shape, which probably requires less manipulation to change it from the natural state of the wood than any other toy. You may take a thick slice of such a birch tree as they cut down by millions in Scotland to make bobbins of, give its bottom a slight shaping to a point in the centre, and there is a rough whipping-top complete. Even the bark need not be taken off. But it need not be said that the lathe will give something more satisfactory. As for the whip, it is a time-honoured tradition that there is nothing like an eel-skin. Personally, we believe the eel-skin to be over-rated, and certainly it requires very careful drying. But there is this interest about it that, like knucklebones, it is rarely, if ever, to be obtained by the summary process of commerce. It may be that now co-operative stores and universal providers keep eel-skin top-whips and sets of knucklebones as they keep everything else; but not many years ago both objects of youthful covetousness could only be got by personally conducting negotiations with a well-affected

fishmonger or butcher as the case might be. There was something primitive, and therefore pleasing, about this. But when you have got your top and your whip, the methods of using both are not numerous, nor, it must be confessed, is there much skill in the game, though it is a famous one for exercising small arms and legs. It would seem that Virgil's boys had but one top, and lashed at it "promiscuously." This is not bad fun; but the top is very likely to be kicked over, and the whip-lashes are extremely likely to go into the eyes of the players. To whip two tops against each other that one may be knocked down is rather poor sport; and the best way beyond doubt is to race top against top for a given distance. In all forms the point of skill is one, single and the same—to get the lash well round the top without getting it too much round, so as to catch and stop it. It is true that sometimes the top will rise in the air with the lash, disengage itself, and fall spinning; but in such a case it much oftener loses its way and goes dead.

Peg-top, however, is as far above these infantile diversions as cricket is above peg-top. Here there is real skill, and, if the full game of peg-in-the-ring be played, a good deal of excitement and varied interest. Any one, even a hopeless idiot, can spin a humming-top, and anybody except an idiot can race a whip-top. But a great many boys never master the true overhand fashion of pegging, and we have known some neither deficient in head nor hand who could not even manage the easier underhand, or "chimney-sweep," fashion, as it is sometimes called in contempt. The underhand delivery is good enough for merely spinning the top, in which case the chief object is to get it to sleep, i.e. spin perfectly upright, to take it up, so spinning, in the hand, or on a spoon, and so forth. But peg-in-the-ring is a closed game to those who cannot attain unto the peculiar turn of the wrist, and cast with wrist and elbow combined, which send the top, not perpendicularly, but in a curved line of descent from above the player's shoulder to the ground. It cannot be described, and can only be learnt by the light of nature or by imitation and practice. The hardest, smoothest string (and be it noted that such string is now not easy to get, except in seaport-towns), the most artistically arranged button at the end, to secure it to the hand (loops are bad and dangerous, having been known to dislocate the finger, and nearly always cutting it), the most careful winding round the top, the best-balanced and most artistically-pegged top itself, are useless till the knack has been learnt; and the mortified owner of these good things had much better lend them to somebody who can do the trick (and who is sure to be affably willing to accept the loan) and watch his practice. As for peg-in-the-ring, the rules are by no means intricate. A ring is drawn, one player casts his top, and the others peg at it. It cannot be taken up till it has spun or been pegged out of the ring, and hence a top that sleeps (or spins straight and upright on one spot) is sure to be knocked about a good deal. The theoretical object of pegging is to hit the adversary's top if possible so hard and so true on the hollow which is usually made at its summit as to split it, the peg being then the trophy of the splitter. But our friend the *Boy's Own Book* acknowledges that "when tops are of good box it is but rarely that they split," and we cannot honestly say that we ever remember to have seen one fairly cloven, though we have seen pegs produced as evidences of the accomplishment of this feat. There is, however, quite enough amusement in spinning one's own top and pegging the others, especially the unfortunate dead men which fall in the ring and cannot be removed from it until with many blows they are forced over its bounds. If there is no definite end to the game, there is plenty of incident and variety, and it can be diversified as much as the spinner likes by changing from it to solitary spinning and "taking up." There are also some artificial and complicated games with the peg-top, especially one called chipstone, which we never saw played, and which must, we should say, be anything but exciting. Lastly, there is the amusement to which Mr. Titmarsh refers in his notice of Master Snivins and his top, "the little wretch was always pegging it at my toes."

Peg-top, like marbles, appears to have very much gone out in London and its neighbourhood (we have received gratifying assurances that as to marbles things are much better in the remoter parts of the country); and here again, notwithstanding the fact that Michael Angelo's just quoted complaint did somewhat apply to the practice of playing in public places, the going out is very much to be regretted. For the game is a capital one, interesting in itself, giving excellent training to the eye and hand, and incidentally exercising most of the muscles of the body. When one looks either at the preparatory schools for the middle classes which nine times out of ten have no proper playgrounds at all, or at School Board playgrounds, asphalted, prim, and unsuitable for varied pastimes, one sees very little of these simple old games, endless in variety and interest, and of no small educational value. A kind of aimless shoving one another about—the initiatory process, doubtless, of the Saturday night street sports of 'Arry—seems to constitute the chief amusement. Even in elaborately equipped schools where athletics are made a point and almost a business of, these pastimes for the smaller boys seem to be neglected and unflourishing, while nothing has taken their place but the exercises of the gymnasium—most excellent and healthful exercises, doubtless, but which we are old-fashioned enough to think something different from games in the proper sense of the word. Possibly the time will come (possibly it has come) when boys will need a solemn note to the line in the *Tirocinium* :—

To pitch the ball into the grounded hat.

"Note.—This refers to a childish and now totally obsolete diversion, ridiculously called *egg-hat*, which was practised by our ancestors in the days of rotten boroughs and naval victories, and the like signs of imperfect civilization." Meanwhile, let everybody who has the chance endeavour to avert this consummation. Since we wrote on marbles we have heard with great pleasure of a clergyman of the Church of England, well known as a scholar and divine, who yearly presents his parish schoolboys with a stock of marbles, and encourages the game with all his might. Unto him we can only say, *macte!* and to others, "Go and do likewise."

FATHER CURCI'S APPEAL.

THE piteous appeal which Father Curci made in last Wednesday's *Times* for sympathy and justice, at least from the "English-speaking" world, deserves notice as well for his own sake as for the sake of the cause he is maintaining with so chivalrous a candour and self-devotion and at such desperate odds; we fear it must be added, though he does not condescend to urge that claim himself, at so heavy a cost not only of professional reputation, but of comfort and almost of means of subsistence. For he was wholly dependent on the little pittance accorded to priests in Italy for saying mass, and now that he is suspended *a divinis*, even that last mite is taken from him. Property of course he has none, as for the greater part of his life he belonged to the Jesuit Order, and he is now an old man between seventy and eighty years of age. On that point however, as he has not dwelt himself, neither shall we dwell here; but it is satisfactory to know that he has friends and well-wishers in England who are doing what they can to minister to his needs. His letter opens by informing us that he is "almost daily attacked and misrepresented in Italy and abroad both by the Clerical and Liberal press," and that "many English and English-speaking Catholic papers distance even the most rabid organs of the *Vecchi Zelanti*"—who they are shall be explained presently—in pouring insults upon him and assailing his orthodoxy, while Protestant organs naturally infer from this that he is "outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, and one of those amateur reformers who have lately, even among prelates and monsignori, deserted the Church of Rome." And as this view of his position is an entirely erroneous one, he feels bound to speak, though he had hitherto purposed to keep silence. He is then a priest, suspended, but not excommunicated or debarred from the Sacraments, and that not for heresy, but for "disobedience to the decree of a Roman Congregation, whose censures, according to the best theologians, do not bind in conscience or *in foro interno*, when based on no good reason." This is indeed "the verdict of theologians from St. Gregory the Great to St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus de Liguori." He is therefore "neither heretic nor *transfuga*," and neither has left nor intends to leave Rome. On the contrary he is "a dutiful son of the Church, who hesitates to obey an order of the mother, because he does not see clearly enough the maternal authority in it," but who yet "is so disposed at heart that, should any one persuade him maternal authority is at stake, he would not hesitate a moment to surrender his will and obey." His position is in fact, *mutatis mutandis*, curiously like that of some of the Ritualists in the Church of England, who have been suspended or deprived, on grounds which appear to themselves and those who sympathize with them wholly insufficient, by Courts in which they feel unable to recognize the "maternal authority" of their Church, but who have no desire to abandon either their place or their ministry in her communion. And here, before going further, it may be as well to add a word of explanation, for those who do not happen to be familiar with it, of the term *Vecchi Zelanti*, which occurs also in the title of a former publication of Father Curci's, *La Nuova Italia ed i Vecchi Zelanti*. The *Zelanti*, then, are well known in Rome as the extreme and intolerant party, who subordinate all other considerations to the immediate ecclesiastical interests of the day, as they regard them, and who have exercised a powerful, and sometimes decisive, influence in many a Papal Conclave. In Father Curci's application of the term they are virtually identical with the *Intransigenti*, who were the uncompromising upholders of the policy of Pius IX., and are a perpetual thorn in the side of his present successor. And now it is time to say something of Father Curci's antecedents and the exact position he occupies, as "a dutiful son of the Church," but a conscientious and outspoken assailant, not of Leo XIII., but of the traditional and as yet unreformed temper and policy of the Roman Curia; while, on the other hand, he is most anxious not to be confounded with "amateur reformers," like Count Campello and other "prelates and monsignori, who have deserted the Church" and become Protestants, with whose line of action he has no sympathy. He would indeed reform what he holds to be grave practical abuses in his own Church, but he would reform them from within, not from without, which is no doubt in the long run the method most likely to succeed.

Father Curci was long known as an eminent and learned member of the Jesuit Order, and for many years he was one of the editors—we believe the principal editor—of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the able but—to use his own word—"rabidly" Ultramontane organ of the Society, which distinguished itself at the time of the Vatican Council, as all readers of *Janus* will remember, by passionately urging the elevation of the Syllabus and Papal Infallibility into dogmas of the Church. The special significance of

that fact will appear presently. What originally led to the great change which has taken place in his opinion we are not aware; probably it was gradual, and perhaps, as with his illustrious fellow-Jesuit Passaglia, it may have been partly a recoil from the tyrannous mental absolutism of the great Order he belonged to, which for the last three centuries has aspired to mould and govern the entire system of the Roman Catholic Church. Be that as it may, the first outward sign of change was given four years after the Vatican Council, when in 1874 he published in four volumes the course of exegetical lectures on the New Testament which he had delivered to large and enthusiastic audiences at Florence. To this work he prefixed a preface of some fifty pages, which were also separately printed as a pamphlet for general circulation at a very low price. It broke on the Ultramontane party, and above all on his Jesuit *confrères*, like thunder from a clear sky. It contained the germ, and indeed much of the matter, of his later volume published in 1877, *The Modern Dissension between Church and State*, and that already mentioned on *New Italy and the Old Zealots*, which appeared in 1881. In all three works alike he maintains that the Temporal Power, whatever its uses in the past, has been forfeited and justly withdrawn by Providence, and is not likely to be restored. At all events it is not the business of the Church to labour for its restoration, but to devote all her efforts to the re-establishment of "the Christian conscience," which has perished by her own fault. While he more than admits the infidelity, atheism, and vice which have marked the course of "the Revolution" in Italy—a hymn to Satan was publicly sung at Turin only three years ago—he points out with scathing eloquence that the clergy, and chiefly among them the Jesuits, the great educational body, had trained the generation who have thus terribly illustrated the practical results of their teaching; they were too worldly, frivolous, and ignorant to preach the real truths of the Gospel, and he bids them return to the better traditions of the ancient Church. It is hardly surprising to find that so candid an adviser was soon after the appearance of *Il Moderno Dissidio* expelled from his Order and that he met with scanty favour during the few remaining years of Pius IX.'s reign. But Cardinal Pecci, the brother of the present Pope, who had once himself been a Jesuit, was an old friend of Curci, and invited him to stay at the Vatican, where it is an open secret that he had several private interviews with Leo XIII. himself. In conversing some years afterwards with an English resident at Rome he not only dwelt on the importance of a reconciliation between the Papacy and the Italian Government, but added with exceeding emphasis, "*The Pope thinks on this subject as I do*." That the Pope has been thwarted, and from very opposite quarters, in carrying out his wishes is of course notorious, but that is another matter, nor are we directly concerned here with the policy of either Pius IX. or Leo XIII., but with Curci's view of the situation.

And here it may be interesting to note his estimate of the character of the late Pope, on which he had exceptional opportunities during the close personal intercourse of many years for forming a judgment, and concerning which he cannot be suspected of adverse bias.

"Giovanni Mastai," he says, "always preserved an upright mind and a lively desire for the right. He had not a lofty intellect nor a very comprehensive one, but rather a shrewd and quick intelligence. He had acquired a store of manifold and varied information, but of learning, properly so-called, he had no more than any ordinary priest. His special gift was a great facility of eloquence, enhanced by an attractive appearance and an harmonious voice. . . . He had always on his lips, and doubtless in his heart, the glory of God, of the Virgin, and of the Saints. But in this at the same time his own glory had no small part, and seemed occasionally to have the larger share. This tone of mind, joined to an intelligence of no elevation, made him impatient of superior men, and inclined him towards those who were mediocre, and sometimes of no worth at all. In fits of caprice, which were not rare with him, he would exalt such men, as if in emulation of the Omnipotence which creates out of nothing. And then he would make mockery of the purple-clad puppets with whom he loved to surround himself." Curci adds that once, in 1856, the Pope expressed very openly to him his view of his various ministers, beginning with Antonelli, "whom he esteemed little, and loved less," whereupon he respectfully asked "how his Holiness could leave the management of public affairs in the hands of men he knew so well?" The Pope replied, "It is true they are good for very little; nevertheless the ship holds her course." His very natural comment is, "Whither the ship, assuredly not that of St. Peter, has gone, all men can now see."

This is interesting, but it is still more instructive, especially remembering his former connexion with the *Civiltà*, to study the author's remarks on the Syllabus and the Vatican dogma. Of the former he says, what is true enough, that it contains no doctrine or claim actually new in itself, but at the same time he considers its publication as an authoritative document most unwise and mischievous; its compilers went out of their way to create the *offendicula* St. Paul was so anxious to remove. In the infallibilist dogma he touched on a still more delicate topic. The sixth chapter of his book (*Nuova Italia*, &c.) is headed, "Two Serious Stumbling-blocks (*Offendiculi*) which the *Zelanti* have put in the way of the laity receiving the Gospel, by the Syllabus, and the erection of *Infallibility into a dogma*." And the sixth section, which was singled out for animadversion by the Congregation of the Index, is entitled "By whom and why this step was determined on; the

Liberty of the Council rendered doubtful by intruders." He enlarges in detail on the strong pressure put on the Council, though his language is not stronger than that of Bishop Strosmayer in a letter "to an Old Catholic" published three months after it was out in the *Deutsche Merkur*, and reprinted in the *Kölnischer Zeitung* for July 13, 1881, where the writer says:—"My conviction, which I shall uphold before the judgment seat of God, as I upheld it in Rome, is firm and unshakable. And this conviction is that the Vatican Council was wanting in that freedom which was necessary to make it a real Council, and to justify it in making decrees to bind the conscience of the whole Catholic world. The proofs of this," he adds, "lie before the eyes of everybody," but still he enters at some length into them, and sums up:—"In a word, the most naked and hideous exercise of Papal Infallibility was necessary before that Infallibility could be erected into a dogma." Strosmayer was too powerful a personage to be meddled with, but Curci's book, though the Congregation of the Index was at a loss to discover any explicit heresy in it, was also submitted to the Inquisition, and at once summarily condemned as a libel on the Church and the Holy See; and the Pope—reluctantly, we may well believe—formally approved the sentence. The *Zelanti* were too strong for him. Of course it is true, as Curci insists in his letter to the *Times*—and infallibilists for their own sake would be the first so far to agree with him—that the decrees neither of Index nor Inquisition are "irreformable and infallible"; infallibility would be in very evil plight indeed were it otherwise. But they may be used, and often have been used, with fatal effect to discredit or crush an obnoxious utterer of inconvenient truths. Reusch's masterly treatise on the Index, reviewed not many months ago in our columns, would alone suffice to prove that. Even in the case of the saintly Rosmini, the founder of a new Order, who was on the point of being made a Cardinal, the censure of the Index on his *Cinque Piaghi*, procured by a scandalous intrigue, was enough to ruin his career and silence his voice. Curci is less learned but more resolute than Rosmini. He will not suffer himself to be silenced, but he must feel that he is working for posterity, and that in his own day—above all in his own Church—his work will be little appreciated. He has justly earned the blessing pronounced on the peacemakers, but his experience is like that of the Psalmist, who also laboured for peace: "When I speak to them thereof, they make them ready to battle."

THE CHOLERA IN NAPLES.

NO one who has any acquaintance with the life of the poorer classes in Naples can wonder at the ravages the cholera is making in that city. Large numbers of families are there pent up together, in high and narrow houses which enclose a filthy court, with very inadequate ventilation, with hardly water enough to slake their thirst, and without any of the conveniences that decency seems to us to demand. We have high Italian authority for saying that many parts of the town are in a worse condition than the lowest London slums; and, from our own inspection, we are inclined to believe that life in many of the *fondaci* would be simply impossible were it not for the geniality of the climate, which permits so much of almost every day to be spent in the open air. When once the cholera has gained a footing in such a swarm of underfed and overworked human beings, it is less surprising that its victims should be numbered by scores and by fifties than that it should leave a single inhabitant alive.

The English tourist drives quickly through the Mercato and the Vicaria; he has no wish to mount the filthy stairs and glance into the squalid and overcrowded rooms to which they lead. Indeed, it might be unsafe for him to do so unless he were accompanied by an agent of the police, who is sure to be regarded with suspicious and hostile eyes, or by one of the priests who have succeeded in gaining the personal confidence of this outcast part of their flock. It is not strange, therefore, that when an epidemic casts a fierce and sudden light on all this misery, those who have hitherto ignored it should gaze on it aghast, and forget how much has been done to alleviate it during the last ten or fifteen years. The sanitary condition of Naples is still, beyond all question, worse than that of any English town; but no English town has made such rapid progress as Naples has of late done. A large garden has been laid out on the shore for the benefit of the poorer part of the population; broad streets, that let in the sunshine and the sea-breeze, have been opened up through the most crowded districts; and, though the *fondaci* still remain open, the *grotte* have been closed. The latter were caverns hollowed out of the soft rock, in which from thirty to fifty families would sometimes herd together, with no division between them but a rough line drawn or scratched upon the ground between the beds. For this damp and dusky accommodation rent was demanded and paid, and it was not only the landlords who complained when the caves were finally closed. It may be that the measure has caused the courts in which the cholera is now raging to be more overcrowded than they would otherwise have been; but no civilized society could permit the state of things that then existed to continue after notice had been called to it. Whatever may be thought of the political opinions and aspirations of the Duke of San Donato, it must be acknowledged that the improvements of which we have spoken are to a large extent due to him.

Some of the modern appliances introduced into the town have

not been entirely successful. The system of drainage, for example, has unquestionably improved the external appearance of the streets, and given them an air of cleanliness they did not possess before; but it is more doubtful whether it has benefited the health of the city. The outfall of the sewers is too near the shore to render their discharge either imperceptible or harmless in a sea that may almost be called tideless. It is certain that fever has become more frequent since they were built, and it is possible that they may help to carry the cholera into districts that might otherwise have been free from danger.

To those Englishmen who know nothing of Southern Italy except what they have learned from Liberal pamphleteers and historians, it may seem strange that the Lazzaroni should suspect their fellow-citizens of a deliberate attempt to reduce the surplus population by introducing the disease into parts of the town that have hitherto escaped, or even by direct poisoning in the hospitals. Those who are intimately acquainted with the people will feel no surprise at such rumours, strange and unfounded as they are. The history of Naples for the last century, at least, has been the history of a war between the middle and the lower classes, in which the latter gained many victories, the last of which was achieved on the barricades of 1848, and was the death-blow to the Italian Revolution. Now they are reduced to silence, but though Garibaldi, the hero of the middle class, succeeded in firing the feelings of the whole population for thirty-six hours, the enthusiasm soon passed away, and the old feud, the old animosity, the old suspicion still remained. Whether the policy of the new kingdom of Italy—more especially the way in which its taxes are levied and employed—is calculated to allay or to irritate this feeling is a question into which foreigners perhaps need not inquire.

That the poor of Naples entertain the wildest and most unfounded suspicions there can be no doubt, and it is this that renders the visit of the King something more than an act of personal courage and humanity. The late Archbishop gained the heart of the whole city by his self-devotion on a similar occasion. Men who mocked at his Church and even derided his Master always spoke with respect of him, not because he had made any concession to their opinions, but because in the hour of danger he had never flinched, but had been ready to carry with his own hands the Host to the poorest member of his flock. If the King succeeds in evoking similar sentiments, his journey will have done more than anything that has happened since the annexation of Rome to solidify his kingdom and establish his dynasty. At any rate, it is the act of a noble and fearless gentleman, of a high-hearted and conscientious king.

THE DANCE, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

WE propose an unusual compliment to Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson—we propose to discuss him. We cheerfully lend him dignity for the purpose. We pledge ourselves, besides, to put him permanently beyond the need of borrowing again. For we shall be able, we believe, to vindicate for him a dignity all his own—the dignity of being exceedingly silly—a dignity which, however modestly worn, we think that he possesses in a degree commensurate with the magnitude of his littleness in every other respect.

But who, the English reader will ask, is Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson? And why, if he has already a dignity all his own, should any more be lent to him? And, in any case, why announce his impending doom in a style so pompous and absurd? Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, of the United States of America, is a man with a mission, and his mission is the abolition of the unwholesome, expensive, vulgar, stupid, and sinful so-called amusement which he styles "the Dance." To "dancing in the abstract" he has no particular objection, and, indeed, it would be rather hypercritical if he had, for he tells us that "dancing does not exist in the abstract." "The Dance" (sometimes spelt by Mr. Wilkinson with, and always, when used by him, suggestive of, a "big, big D") is dancing as it does exist—"the dance as many of the most respectable members of society, including no inconsiderable proportion of accepted Christians, not unfrequently practise it . . . the dance as it flourishes in the most proper and reputable circles to-day." To this end Mr. Wilkinson has prepared and published a little book, and has got it published in England by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of Fleet Street; and if any one wishes to know how it begins, he has only to read the opening sentence of this article, substituting "the Dance" for "Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson," making the requisite pronominal alterations, and changing "silly" into "evil."

We must premise, for the benefit of those unfortunate persons "on this side," whose mental darkness has hitherto been unilluminated by the knowledge of the existence of Mr. (we are almost tempted to develop the American fashion of giving people official titles, and say Prophet) William Cleaver Wilkinson, that when Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson writes a book, it is no laughing matter. For, as he takes occasion very truly to observe, it is an incident of our nineteenth-century civilization that we live intensely. Everybody, including Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, is in a chronic state of hurry. This highly stimulated rate of living takes reprisals upon our (and his) vitality, and we vibrate (and he vibrates) between extremes of abnormal activity and extremes of abnormal exhaustion. Naturally, therefore, Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson sympathizes vividly with all his

literary brethren in the sense of bodily prostration which follows intellectual toil. He knows as well as any "what it is to have the omnivorous and insatiable brain suck vigour out of every nerve and muscle, out of every joint and marrow in the body, and leave the whole man a-quiver with intense and fine exhaustion." Worse even than this, he knows—at least, editorial writers know, and we gather from his sympathetic expressions that he must be, or have been, an editorial writer—what it is "to rush from his mental workshop with the anvil of his brain red-hot under the swift and ceaseless blows of thought." It speaks volumes for the energy and devotion of the American people that the race of editorial writers should continue to exist under such harassing conditions, and it enables us better, not perhaps to understand, but to appreciate, the fact that one of them should have developed, as the New York press lately informed us that he had, into the absolutely unique example of a hebeticulous crank.

But what has all this to do with the Dance? The connexion is rather a subtle one, but it exists. For it appears that the paradoxical result of these appalling sensations "is a sanguine hope that amusement may prove to be the long-sought medicine which shall be able to repair the havoc done to the body by the starved brain in its voracious forages for food." Why a brain which has sucked all the "vigor" out of all the nerves, muscles, joints, and marrows of an editorial writer's body should be described as "starved" we do not clearly see; but, starved or gorged, it does require amusement, and, since dancing is supposed to be an amusement (though it is not one really), it follows that the state of hurry unhappily chronic on the other side of the Atlantic tends to promote "the Dance," so that the logical connexion is complete. Mr. Wilkinson, however, having ascended from the particular to the general, does not care to come down again immediately, and indulges in some edifying reflections about amusement at large, which, it seems, in spite of the craving for it now so deplorably prevalent, is rather a wicked pursuit. For instance, he makes a somewhat elaborate digression concerning theatres, and another about certain misguided reformers who vainly talk about increasing the attractiveness of Young Men's Christian Associations "by adding facilities for games such as backgammon, draughts, chess, billiards, perhaps cards." This, however, is mere matter of remark, illustrating the widespread tendency of the present age to be depraved, for happily "the counsels (*sic*) of these bodies" have, for the most part, set their faces sternly against such "dangerous extremes." If, at any future time, the fatal but insidious draught-board should threaten to make havoc among the members of the Associations, there would probably be little difficulty in acquiring the services of the experienced and uncompromising Mr. Tom Hughes in the composition of a memorial setting forth the disastrous effects of so vicious a form of amusement. The few pages devoted to the heinous sin of going to the play, besides dealing with a subject which appeals to a wider class of the population, contain some speculations of considerable intrinsic interest. It appears that some enthusiasts, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, we believe, among the number, have lately promulgated an ingenious though false doctrine, that the good ought to go regularly to the play with the design of "elevating the stage to its true position, as yoke-fellow to the pulpit in the inculcation of virtue." This artful sophistry Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson nips in the bud. It appears that there are not enough good people for it to be practicable. "The Protestant Christians of New York," we are told, and we hear it with surprise and alarm, "number, by probable computation, about a hundred thousand out of a million and half of inhabitants." This is "rather a slender minority to dictate the character of the representations." Besides, "on certain evenings in the week" the hundred thousand must obviously be elsewhere. And on those evenings, at least, "low" plays would be performed in order to "satisfy the starving appetite of the" unregenerate "populace." No; "the purification of the theatre" is a delusive catchword. "There might be moral plays and there might be moral dances; but it is exceedingly questionable if either moral plays or moral dances would possess that unique aromatic savor which is requisite in order wholly to satisfy the appetite of the original lovers of the legitimate [obviously a slip of Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson's pen] articles." We must not hope to "behold a well-regulated, demure-stepping, devout procession of pastors, elders, deacons, and brethren, with a sprinkling of young converts, filing into Wallack's of an evening, to assist at the purification of the comedy," any more than "a festive assembly of the like characters" gliding "in Quixotic benevolence through the stately quadrille" in the hope of doing a similar office for the Dance. Mr. Wilkinson is careful to explain in reference to this passage that it is "irony." He admits that the weapon is hardly suited to the solemnity of the occasion.

"In the joint behoof" of health, economy, good manners, intellectual improvement, and morality, Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson "impleads" the Dance. It is unwholesome because it is done late at night, in hot rooms, in thin dresses, at times when the brain of the man of letters has just been gobbling up his nerves, marrows, and other internal arrangements as aforesaid, because people go out into the air afterwards and catch cold, and because it is accompanied and followed by flagitious indulgence in supper, and sometimes in wine (printed so). It is extravagant, not only because it costs money in decorations and so forth, but because it causes ladies to waste money in the impious desire of being better dressed than other ladies. In this particular the

American newspapers are much to blame. It is, it seems, their habit whenever a "gay party or ball" takes place, "especially when society is holding its court at the seaside or at watering-places," to give an account of how each lady was dressed, and "what length of trail she drew"; nay, so infectious is this particular vice, that a descriptive paragraph is accorded to those who "deserve such mention" even "by a morning toilette, gracefully harmonized with their figure and gait on the street." Now for all this folly and wastefulness the Dance is, as every one must admit, primarily responsible. Then the Dance is destructive of politeness. And here, we think, we begin to perceive the real grounds which have caused Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson to sacrifice his marrows to his brain in the composition of this particular diatribe. Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, we need hardly say, never dances—in fact, he expressly boasts that he has never danced. But he evidently goes out a good deal. In spite of his presence it sometimes happens that people dance, or, rather, "The dance plants one foot of its unlimitedly expansible compasses in a parlor, and thence, widening its sweep, room by room, gradually and serenely encircles the entire area of the house that is open to guests." Happy, then, Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson if he "can find a secure retreat in the hall or entry." Otherwise, he "shall not escape a whisk of the tumultuous dress, or a thrust of the importunate elbow," and we think it must be such moments of isolated suffering which drive him to the description of dancers as "a jostling crowd of mute or merely gibbering animals." This leads us to the fourth implea (one is entitled to some laxity of language in discussing Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson), that the dance prevents intellectual improvement. If dancers do not talk while dancing they are mute, and that is not intellectual development; if they do they gibber, and that is not intellectual development. Mr. Wilkinson has been given to understand that young people cannot make an evening's company "go off well" without "the dance." "How much mental vacuity—what aching and echoing cranial room for knowledge—does such a confession imply! . . . American brothers and sisters, say!" Were it not better done to sustain courses of lectures, and subscribe to the literary periodicals? Having "said enough on these minor topics," Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, his feelings moved "to the highest pitch of moral indignation," sums up and completes his withering attack in a terrific denunciation of the Dance, on the ground that it is sinful beyond belief. You may dance continually, and never find it out; that is what makes the Dance so deadly. But, however virtuous the dancer may feel, and may suppose himself to be, he or she is, in fact, sinning horribly. Of course "wanton whirls like the waltz and the polka" are the most obviously sinful. But the wickedness of the Dance hardly admits of degrees; and, if we understand Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson aright, the quadrille itself is not essentially less depraved. The crowning sinfulness is—Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson does not like to mention it, and we can hardly bring ourselves to follow his heroic example—that the Dance is practised by persons of opposite sexes in company with each other. The world is fortunate in possessing Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson. Probably no one else would have dared to tell it this shocking truth. Even he was nearly dissuaded from doing so "by the sweet personal magnetism of friends of his own sex"; but his courage prevailed over every obstacle. Nay, more, he even avows—in the modest retirement of a note, it is true, and with typographical devices to mark his sense of the disclosure—that places are believed to exist where, though the Dance is recognized as sinful, "a variety of 'kissing' plays are practised in its stead." And in such places he thinks the Dance might with advantage be introduced as the first stage to a total reform. But we must part from Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, and rush from our mental workshop, with the anvil of our brain red-hot under the swift and ceaseless blows of thought, and our whole man a-quiver with intense and fine exhaustion.

THE BLENHEIM PICTURES.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers to the effect that the Government has bought two of the Duke of Marlborough's pictures for the National Gallery. The announcement is, to say the least, a little premature. Certain steps have been taken towards buying a Raphael and a Vandyke, but many months must elapse before the nation is in possession. The Court of Chancery has sanctioned the sale; the Duke has undertaken to accept the price. The authorities of the Gallery have reported accordingly to the Treasury, and the Treasury has promised to recommend the purchase to Parliament next year among the annual estimates. This is the present state of the business; and unless the Duke of Marlborough should be moved to deposit the pictures in the National Gallery for security, it is very possible that we may not see them there much before this time next year. The price agreed upon is, comparatively speaking, large. Yet it would be difficult to say it is too large. A picture, or anything, is worth what it will fetch; and there is no question but that the Raphael would have been very speedily bought for a foreign gallery had we declined it. Nor will the 70,000*l.* named be considered too much, although undoubtedly it is a large sum, when we remember the rarity of pictures of this class, the almost reckless competition there is for them among home and

foreign buyers, the amazingly perfect state of preservation in which we receive this example, and the fact that its addition raises our National Gallery, already among the best collections in the world, to an absolute equality with the very best. There are in all very few of Raphael's pictures finer than the Ansidei Madonna. It may be compared, indeed, with two or three others, among which the Madonna di San Sisto is the only one allowed by judges to be superior. But in one particular the Blenheim picture is superior to that of the Dresden Gallery. Except in so far as the colours have been toned and harmonized by age, it is absolutely fresh and untouched, and just as it came from the artist's easel. As a specimen of an earlier manner, too, the Ansidei Madonna may be preferred to the San Sisto, especially by those who have any leanings to "pre-Raphaelitism" in art. It is not so old or so "pre-Raphaelite" as the exquisite little "Vision of a Knight" already in our Gallery. It is not so late or so free from the influence of Perugia as the Aldobrandini "Holy Family," which was bought for 9,000*l.* from Lord Garvagh in 1865. It is nearer in age to the lovely "St. Catherine of Alexandria," a picture of Raphael's second or Florentine manner, which also came from the Aldobrandini collection in the Borghese Palace at Rome, and which was one of the earliest acquisitions of the National Gallery, having been bought from Mr. Beckford in 1839. It is worth while to observe the rapid increase in the value of Raphael's pictures as exemplified by this one of "St. Catherine." In 1800 it was valued among Mr. Day's pictures at 2,500*l.* In 1839 it was bought by Parliament for 5,500*l.* It would certainly be worth 10,000*l.* now; or, in other words, its value doubles every forty years; and this is not an extravagant estimate. The "Vision of a Knight" was bought from Mr. Egerton in 1847 for 1,000 guineas. One other Raphael is in the Catalogue, the "Portrait of Pope Julius II.," but few can doubt that though the hand of the great artist may possibly be traced here and there upon it, the work is mainly a copy by one of Raphael's pupils. The original picture is generally said to be that in the Uffizzi, but it is little if at all better than this.

The Blenheim Raphael is one of his largest easel pictures. It measures about nine feet in height by five in width. It is, therefore, nearly as large as the "Holy Family" by Murillo. Dr. Waagen asserts of it that from its excellent state of preservation it allows of more instructive observation than any other picture of this period of Raphael's career. Strange to say, there is a doubt about the exact date, although the picture is dated. Passavant, followed by many authorities, has named the year 1505. But a careful examination of the "MDV" which is worked into the border of the Virgin's robe over the left arm shows beyond it another letter, an "I," and beyond it again, and, as it were, in a diminishing perspective, a portion at least of a second "I." The date must therefore be 1506, or later; and Mr. George Scharf, in his catalogue of the Blenheim pictures, does not hesitate to make it 1507, which brings it very near the Borghese "Entombment," and the time of some of Raphael's finest achievements. The Virgin Mother is seated on a high throne, and holds the divine Child on her right knee. A small book is on her left knee, to which she points with her left hand. Her gaze and that of the Child are directed downwards towards the open page. Her mantle is very dark blue, bordered with an arabesque pattern in gold, into which, as mentioned above, the date is worked. Overhead is a canopy, decorated with coral. In the background a beautiful but simple landscape is seen through large semicircular arches on either side. On the right of the throne, St. John the Baptist, represented as a man of mature age and fine presence, but somewhat coarsely limbed, gazes at the central group with warm adoration. In his left hand is what Dr. Waagen calls "an elegant crystal cross." He is clad in a camel's-hair tunic, over which he wears a blood red mantle. On the opposite side is St. Nicholas of Bari, a very favourite saint in the fifteenth century. He is a venerable man in episcopal vestments of green, black, and white, exquisitely harmonized together, the "pivotal" being deep olive, relieved by a little orange lining, and the dark robe below being contrasted with the scarlet shoes and the golden balls beside his feet, the special emblems, with the book, of this saint. He holds a golden crozier in his right hand and his book in the left, and, stooping forward, he seems engaged in a deep study of its pages. It will be understood, when we mention the intense blue of the sky as seen through the arches, and the delicate tertiaries of the architectural features, that Raphael neglected nothing that could ensure brilliancy of colouring; and in this respect the picture is, perhaps, the most brilliant that ever came from his hand. At the same time, it has all the subtle harmony of the Venetian school; and, owing to the splendid condition of the picture, which is on a very thick panel of white poplar, there is the greatest depth in the shadows, to contrast with and heighten the exquisite ivory of the flesh tints, which appear to have lost nothing through age. We may judge how desirable this perfection of condition is when we remember what Signor Morelli, for one, says of the Raphaels at Berlin and Munich, where we only see what the restorer has not covered. With a trifling but characteristic exception the drawing of the figures is without fault; but in the hands we see the defect which Signor Morelli ascribes to Raphael's contact with Timotheo Viti—a shortening of the fingers and a broadening of the palm, the typical example of which is seen in the hand of the sleeping knight in the National Gallery. The history of the Ansidei Madonna is brief. When Filippo di Simone dei Ansidei, of Perugia, died in 1490, he left a considerable legacy to the

Servite Fathers with which to beautify their church of San Fiorenzo. A portion of the money was spent in a commission to the young Raphael, who seems to have commenced the design as early as 1504, but not to have completed the picture till after his first visit to Florence. In the Ansidei chapel at Perugia it remained for two centuries and a half untouched and undisturbed. Below it were three little panels as a predella, of which one, which represents St. John the Baptist preaching, has long been at Bowood. The other two, much injured, remain in their original situation. In 1764 Lord Robert Spencer, making the grand tour, saw them at Perugia, and succeeded, through Gavin Hamilton, in purchasing the central panel of the predella and the grand picture above, for which he gave, besides a handsome sum in money, a copy of the picture by Niccolò Monti, which still occupies the old place of the original. The exact price is not known; Lord Robert may have intended the picture as a present for his brother the third Duke of Marlborough, and have naturally concealed it. It has remained at Blenheim ever since, and has been carefully and respectfully treated by its successive owners, with the result that it is now in a more genuine and unsophisticated state than any other of Raphael's more important pictures. It is earnestly to be hoped that no unforeseen event may occur to prevent the completion of the bargain. Considered merely as an investment it is an excellent one. If a generation or two hence England is driven to sell the national collections, this picture will fetch an enhanced price as it will be better known. But, putting aside this commercial estimate, it is certain that, high as is the price agreed upon, when we remember the rarity of such pictures, the absolute necessity that a collection like ours should have as many of them as possible, the splendid condition and unquestionable pedigree of this one, and, above all, the certainty that the amount would have been willingly paid for it in the open market, the stingiest grumbler need not grudge it. Granting that we are to keep up a National Gallery, there can be no question as to the wisdom of acquiring the finest picture which has come into the market since it was founded. Murillos and Guidos may wax and wane; but there are a very few artists whose works only wax, and Raphael is among them.

The Vandyck portrait of Charles I. will also be a welcome addition to our collection. It is one of three equestrian life-size portraits of the King which have been ascribed to Vandyck. One is at Windsor, and appears to be the same which was sold after the death of Charles for 200*l.* It was recovered at the Restoration. A second, in which, as in the Windsor picture, Charles is represented riding a white or grey horse, and attended by De St. Antoine, his French equerry, sometimes erroneously described as Duc d'Espernon, is at Hampton Court, and its genuineness has been much doubted. It appears to be the same which was sold under the Commonwealth for 46*l.* The third picture was at Somerset House, and wholly differed from the other two, as it represented Charles on a dun or roan horse, and attended, not by St. Antoine, but by Sir Thomas Morton. This was sold for 150*l.*, and went abroad. The first Duke of Marlborough bought it during one of his campaigns at Munich, and it has ever since been at Blenheim. It is 12 ft. 6 in. high by 9 ft. 6 in. wide, and is in splendid condition. Vandyck's original study for the horse is in the collection of Mr. William Russell, and a small repetition of the picture itself is at Buckingham Palace, and has sometimes been described as a finished design in oil for the larger picture. It is most probably, however, only a reduced copy. There is, in fact, no repique of the Blenheim portrait, and it has not even been adequately engraved. Its possession will remove from the National Gallery the reproach of not having any capital example of an artist whose work must be always intimately connected with the history of England and English art.

SEASIDE SERMONS.

THERE are no doubt many people in existence who still feel a living interest in that much-familiar but ever-present theme of sermons, though Lord Carnarvon no longer writes essays to teach the clergy something of the rudiments of their business, and though Mr. Ruskin has also retired from the field—perhaps in disgust. Every other amateur in this fascinating department of research has for the time being retired into private life, leaving the clergy to walk alone. By-and-bye, of course, there will be new clerical counsellors and new patent systems invented for the manufacture of sermons warranted to be interesting. Mr. Gladstone is known to have "views" on this as on most human subjects, and next year he may be at liberty to expound some of his most recent theories. Mr. Childers is understood to be a connoisseur of what were once described as Sunday leading articles, and more than one distinguished member of the Opposition has in days gone by dabbled gently with this tempting and evergreen subject. The Franchise Bill—that "dose of opium likely to cure diseases by extinguishing life," as Richard Baxter said of a better thing—or partridge-shooting, or something else, occupies their energies just now, and during the lull in the stream of lay advice it may not be improper to propound the query why seaside sermons are, as a rule, duller compositions than the least interesting village discourse ever addressed to slumberous rustics. For about the village discourse there is never the slightest pretence. The preacher may be a modern South or Donne *in posse*, but he cannot be long in a rural parish without discovering the necessity of

preaching himself down to the level of his audience. It is possible of course to carry this rule too far, as in the case of the gentleman who the other day announced from the pulpit that he would be glad to engage a couple of female domestics and a trustworthy hind. A vicar has been heard to return thanks from the same eminent place to the unknown donor of "a very fine turbot left at the vicarage during my absence and that of my wife," but these are matters which do not really belong to the sermon proper. The country pastor knows his flock, and, as a very general rule, he does not harass them with that blessed word Mesopotamia, nor does he inflict upon them elaborate disquisitions on the history of the chief good or the molecular theory as applied to prayer. The seaside curate in a fashionable church does not know the bulk of some of his congregations, and perhaps this is why he frequently drops into what he no doubt regards as philosophy. He has everything in his head at once, as Dr. Mozley said once—in a good sense—of Lancelot Andrewes, and, unlike Andrewes, he frequently contrives to convey the impression that if he had read less he would have known more. It was one of these gentlemen who, preaching before a fashionable and somewhat legally-minded congregation a few Sundays ago, favoured his hearers with a rhapsody on the extent of St. Paul's travels in a day when tourist agencies were unknown, winding up with an earnest plea for the truth of Christianity on the ground that the great Apostle was too evidently a gentleman to tell an untruth. It was another of them—probably in deacons' orders—who once got into trouble with his bishop for maintaining that the first chapter of Genesis was proved to contain at least a dozen gross scientific blunders. The seaside preacher who is not a curate, and who has no aesthetic tendencies, is often a Low Church vicar who is haunted by the old financial problem why resident Church-people should pay for ecclesiastical privileges shared in alike by residents and visitors. It never seems to occur to him that there is a good deal of reciprocity in these things, and that the visitor to the metropolis gets off for decidedly less money in the matter of Church privileges than the casual visitor to the seaside. Vicars may be pardoned, however, if they do not quite remember the great law of compensation in this connexion; and, accordingly, in most marine resorts of fashionable holiday-makers one has to choose on Sunday mornings between a financial appeal or a somewhat pointless collection of literary odds and ends, tacked on more or less irrelevantly to a passage from the Epistle or the Gospel of the day. That the latter is decidedly the more amusing, if not the more improving, of the two there can be no question. If there were, a glance at the congregations would settle the difficulty for ever.

We are not to be tempted—at least not on this occasion—to discuss the ideal most young preachers have in view when they sit down to compose a sermon. Light might perhaps be shed on the secrets of the prison-house; but for our present purpose it is enough to say that a man must cater to a certain extent according to the tastes of his congregation. If that rule holds good in rural parishes, it applies quite as forcibly to seaside churches. Now, it must be confessed that a considerable proportion of the worshippers, at eleven o'clock services at least, are ladies. A wanderer last year through the noble Cathedral of Philip and Isabella at Granada, just after High Mass on St. Domingo's Day, a feast of high obligation in that city, observed that the congregation consisted of thirty-six ladies, one man, obviously a servant, and a miserable-looking tyke who had found admission at the great western door. Things are happily not nearly so bad as this in the Church of England, but still the eleven o'clock service, or matins, is to some religiously-minded men little more attractive on Sundays than on any other day. The early celebrations are much more popular, but the male sex too often consider—at least when at the seaside—that, having discharged their obligations in this respect early in the morning, the rest of the forenoon is their own. It follows, then, that ladies are a predominant element at matins, and enterprising young curates have hit upon an easy and pleasant way of preaching so as to sustain the attention of readers familiar with Mudie's and not unacquainted with recent magazine literature. They do not trouble themselves with much of a groundwork, nor with those "heads," the "thirdly and lastly" of which was looked for by us in our boyhood's days with such breathless interest. Canon Liddon set the fashion many years ago of dispensing with "heads," though they are obviously present unavowed in his sermons. His host of imitators disregard alike the form and the substance of "heads" and ground-plan. Their method, such as it is, is that of a well-known Queen's chaplain who four or five years ago preached at a well-known London church, and in the course of half an hour cited quotations from Homer, Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Charles Dickens, the Poet Laureate, Mr. Swinburne, Lord Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, Sir Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, John Hunter, Mohammed, Alexander the Great, Bonaparte, Marshal Moltke, and "St. Victor of France," whose birthday the preacher "happened to recollect" it was. About this saint a good deal of information was given, although the preacher had not read the gentleman's works for more than twenty years, and he had been unable to refresh his memory owing to arrangements by which "the British Museum reading-room has been closed during the week." There was an occasional reference to some Biblical personage, as that "Mary was contemplative, Martha was fussy," but with this exception the sermon was wholly secular. The preacher gave a description of Raphael's Three Graces, which he painted for the Vatican. He alluded to the opening of the Royal Academy, and to the Literary Fund dinner, the chairman of which, a then Cabinet Minister, happened

to be present. Then came a reference to a Mansion House banquet at which the preacher had "the privilege to be an invited guest," after which his hearers were informed that "Heaven hates conventionality," "Rubens was dull in company," and "Dante was bad society, and was never asked out to dinner," which says but little for the enterprise of the Florentine Mrs. Leo Hunters of the day. Finally, after a closing quotation from a German poet, the preacher declined any longer to "intrude" on the time of his hearers or to "interrupt the service" further.

Now, of this kind of thing there is enough and to spare in London churches. It is not a lofty ideal, perhaps, for a budding Chrysostom to set before him; but it is well within the capacity of any person of ordinary industry and talent for constructing literary mosaics. The mischief is that the seaside curate rarely does it well. If he did, he would know that eminent hands have a system of work in this as in other fields of labour. They do not take the trouble to follow the advice of the poet Shenstone, who thought that a clergyman might distinguish himself "by composing a set of sermons on the ordinary virtues extolled by the classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Homer"; but they do adopt at times the advice given by Bishop Burnet in his *Pastoral Letters* to study the Satires of Juvenal. The system which Mr. Sala applies to secular literature of carefully cutting out and indexing under its appropriate title every passage which seems likely to be of use is evidently adopted by many popular preachers, and the result is a more or less vivid and coherent mixture. Unfortunately amateurs in this, as in other trades, come frequently to grief; and the experiences most of us have to pass through in seaside churches where the "tendencies" of the vicar are not very "High" are often distinctly distressing. A statute of limitations as applied to literary quotations has often been pleaded for. There should be one also for extracts theological, and it should apply to such quotations as—

And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,

for which Archdeacon Farrar is largely responsible; of "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart"; of

And had he not high honour,
The hillside for his pall, &c.;

of the sophist dictum that "Man is the measure of all things"; and of "The old saying of a great Greek poet—it is impossible to pronounce upon the happiness of a man's life until it has reached its termination." We confess, too, that we are tired of

Ere yet Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;

and we admit that we do not enjoy "Our little systems have their day" with that energetic appreciation we once felt for its beauties. It would be painfully easy to lengthen the list almost indefinitely; but the memory of every attentive churchgoer will supply what is wanting in the catalogue. Curates are a good deal harder worked, no doubt, than that bishop (a bishop whose experience his brethren must nowadays fondly regret) of whom Mr. Gladstone relates that he applied to Sir Robert Peel for a seat on a Railway Committee because he was six months in London every year doing nothing; but they might nevertheless let the laity off some of the more familiar of their stock extracts. They would do so the more readily if they laid effectually to heart a bitter and famous passage in which South once struck at Jeremy Taylor:—"I speak the words of soberness," says St. Paul, "and I preach the Gospel not with enticing words of man's wisdom." This was the way of the Apostle's discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here of the fringes of the North Star; nothing of Nature's becoming unnatural; nothing of "the dawn of angels' wings or the beautiful locks of cherubims"; no starched similitudes introduced with a "thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion." No; these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit, for the Apostles, poor mortals! were content to take lower steps, and to use a dialect which only pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" South might have used the words more justly to-day.

AMERICAN BANKING.

THE Annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association was held last month at Saratoga, and naturally the recent panic in New York occupied much of its attention. Mr. Gage, of Chicago, who presided, devoted the greater part of his presidential statement to the subject, and the principles which he laid down for avoiding and checking such catastrophes seem to have met with the almost universal approval of those present. Mr. Gage avoided the question of paying interest upon deposits, which has been seriously discussed by the members of the New York Clearing House Association. Doubtless he fears that it is impossible to put a stop to the practice of paying interest upon deposits, and that therefore it is useless to devote much time to it. For preventing panics, he seems to trust chiefly to the keeping of large reserves. The United States National Banking Law requires all banks to keep reserves; it permits the banks throughout the country generally to keep their reserves at what are called "reserve cities"; and the banks of the other reserve cities themselves practically keep their reserves with the Associated Banks in New York. The result is that the ultimate reserve of the United States is kept by the Associated Banks in New York, just as the

ultimate reserve of our own country is kept by the Bank of England; the only difference being that with us the reserve bank is a single institution; in America there are sixty-two different banks forming the Clearing House Association. The banks of the reserve cities are all required to keep a reserve of twenty-five per cent. of their net deposits; but, unfortunately, just as our own banks keep in their coffers barely as much cash as will meet the ordinary requirements of their business, so the American banks generally keep as little reserve over the twenty-five per cent. as they can manage. The country banks, where they cannot employ the surplus reserve in lending and discounting, generally lodge it with the banks of the reserve cities, and these in their turn do the same thing in New York. Even in New York itself, whose banks, as we have said, keep the ultimate reserve of the whole country, the surplus is usually dangerously small. Since the panic, the apprehensions that have prevailed in New York have compelled the banks to keep unprecedentedly large reserves; but hitherto they have worked with extremely little margin. For example, in the year 1881, when everything was prosperous, in only five out of the twelve months did the whole of the Associated Banks keep a surplus reserve of more than a million sterling; in four of the months their aggregate reserves were counted by hundreds of thousands of pounds only; and in three out of the twelve months they had no surplus at all—they actually did not comply with the requirements of the law. If this was the case in New York, it will be easily understood that the reserves of the other cities and of the rural districts are smaller still. And therefore Mr. Gage was fully justified in urging that the American banks usually keep too small reserves; that in ordinary times their reserves ought considerably to exceed the minimum fixed by the law; and that only by doing so can they inspire confidence in their good management throughout the country generally, and enable themselves without alarm or danger to meet a crisis should it arise. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Gage suggests no means of inducing or compelling the banks to keep adequate reserves. As the law now stands, if any bank fails to keep a reserve in cash equal to twenty-five per cent. of its net deposits, the Comptroller of the Currency is bound to give it notice to make up the reserve within thirty days. If it fails to comply with the notice, he may actually take possession and wind up the business. Yet, as we see, even in New York itself in a year like 1881 the Associated Banks did not keep reserves equal to what was required by the law in three out of twelve months, and almost every year there are times when the reserves of the New York banks run down below the twenty-five per cent. limit. When the law of the land is thus disregarded, it is not easy to see how the banks can be induced to keep reserves even larger than the law requires. The only effectual way is for bank shareholders to elect as directors none but competent bankers, whose character and judgment are beyond dispute. But it is not to be expected that shareholders universally will do this. In too many cases the boards will be composed, as at present, of men entirely unsuited for the work committed to them.

Passing from this branch of the subject, Mr. Gage next suggested that, in order to avoid panics, it is desirable that the usury laws should be repealed. Our readers will understand that the several States of the Union are supreme in all questions of trade within their own borders. The Legislatures of most of them, therefore, regulate the rate of interest which may be charged, and, as Mr. Gage justly observes, this regulation of the rate of interest—this prohibition of usury, as it is called—is most injurious. The farmers being in a majority everywhere in the United States, of course return the majorities in the State Legislatures, and, as the farmers are nearly always borrowers, and fear that they would be charged exorbitantly by the bankers if these latter were left free, they try to guard against usurious rates of interest by fixing a maximum rate which must not be exceeded. The result is undoubtedly mischievous. Here in London, for example, when the Bank of England wishes to attract gold, or to stop a drain of gold, it raises its rate of discount. When, again, the demand for loans and discounts becomes excessive, the rates of discount and interest rise rapidly. And, lastly, when a crisis or panic comes on, rates rise to very high figures. As this upward movement of the rates of interest and discount proceeds, careful business men take warning. They see that speculation is becoming reckless, and they know therefore that there must be a crash. They begin in consequence to prepare themselves in time. Even the more cautious speculators themselves after awhile get alarmed, and close their speculations. Thus the steady and continuous rise of rates acts as a warning to all who will take warning, diminishes the effects of the coming panic, and at the same time enables the banks to strengthen themselves and shut off some of the demand that comes upon them. Lastly, it is of enormous advantage when a panic occurs. A panic is simply an unreasoning fear on the part of business people generally that they will be unable to obtain money if they should require it. They may have goods and securities in abundance; but, if nobody will buy and nobody will lend, they may not be able to meet their engagements. If, however, they are once assured that they will get accommodation, no matter how high the charge for it may be, the panic passes away. Where a usury law exists, it is impossible for the banks to act in this way. They cannot raise their rates legitimately above the limit fixed by the law, and they cannot therefore judiciously discriminate between borrowers. Undoubtedly, then, on every economic consideration, it is desirable that the usury laws should be repealed; but it is hardly probable that the American farmers,

while they retain their present ascendancy, will consent to the universal repeal of these laws. They believe them, as we have said, to be necessary for their protection, and, therefore, they will in too many cases retain them.

A more important suggestion is that the legal requirement to keep a reserve equal to twenty-five per cent. of the net deposits should be repealed. When Mr. Chase was founding the National Bank system, he hoped to make it a model that would be followed by all the rest of the world; and therefore he provided that the banks should all be required to keep at all times large reserves. He forgot, however, that a reserve is only a provision made in ordinary times for critical times, and, by insisting that the banks should always keep a fixed reserve, he, in fact, prevented them from using the reserves when required. The result is that, if the law were to be strictly enforced, there would be no means in the United States of checking a great panic. As a matter of fact, the law never is strictly enforced. Banks continually keep reserves much smaller than the law requires, and for a considerable time, too, and yet they are not interfered with by the Government; for experience has taught the officials that interference would be disastrous. Still, no banker can be assured at any time that he will not be interfered with. An over-zealous official may call upon him at any moment to make good his reserve. Or the Comptroller of the Currency may take it into his head that the banker is contracting the habit of setting the law at defiance, and may determine to make an example of him to give a warning to others. It is always, therefore, at considerable risk that a banker ventures to allow his reserve to run too low. And the prudent banker who wishes to obey the law of his country will, of course, allow his reserves to run low for no longer a time than he absolutely must. The law, therefore, practically compels a part of the capital of the country to be kept idle at the very times when there is the greatest possible need for its employment. Were a great panic to occur, it is reasonably certain that even the most prudent bankers would be compelled to disregard the law. But, still, a panic might become more serious than it otherwise would be, in consequence of the unwillingness of bankers to break the law at the beginning of the crisis. Here in England and, indeed, all over the Continent, it is not found necessary to insist that banks shall keep fixed reserves. The Bank of England, for example, is under no legal obligation to keep any reserve at all, and yet it keeps not only its own reserve, but the ultimate reserve of the whole country. And it is the same thing with the Bank of France. Whenever, therefore, the National Banking Law of the United States is revised, it may reasonably be expected that this provision will be repealed. But the repeal of the provision will be beneficial only if American bankers clearly understand that when a panic occurs, the most prudent course is to lend and discount as freely as possible. At the time of the recent panic in New York we pointed this out in these columns, and showed how the most liberal lending was found both in London and in Paris to be the most effectual way of checking alarm. Mr. Gage clearly understands this, and he urged very emphatically that American bankers should follow the example of the Bank of England; but he admitted at the same time that it is much more difficult to act in this way in America than in England, because the number of banks in America is so large—there are nearly three thousand National Banks alone. How to induce all the banks to act together for their own safety and for the good of the country is a problem which he did not attempt to solve. He urged that the question should be seriously considered; but he was unable himself to offer any solution. In New York the difficulty was easily got over in May last. It will be recollected that the Clearing House Banks all agreed to stand by one another, and to lend liberally to all institutions needing assistance. But although the Clearing House Banks in New York may be strong enough and united enough to act in this way, it is doubtful whether the same would be done throughout the Union generally. In any case, all these are but palliatives; they do not meet the real difficulty—how to prevent panics. The only way clearly is that bankers should refuse to lend recklessly. They should not only themselves be perfectly honest, but they should take assurance that they are not lending beyond their own means, and thus enabling others to engage in a speculation that will prove disastrous. When the panic occurred in New York, it was the general complaint amongst the more prudent bankers that they had to come to the assistance of men who by their recklessness and folly aided in a speculation that had brought such disaster upon the country; and it is clear that, as long as it is in the power of a certain number of bankers to draw custom to themselves by recklessly giving credit to persons who ought not to get it, or, at any rate, in far larger amount than they ought to be trusted with, panics will occur. Until shareholders in banks generally understand how indispensable on the part of their directors and the officials employed by them are judgment, prudence, and discretion, it is certain that panics will recur.

STAGS, TOURISTS, AND CROFTERS.

THE tourist season in Scotland is now fairly at its height, and the anticipation of those who have looked forward with dread to full hotels and crowded trains have been realized to the full. The heat of the weather and the fear of cholera abroad have combined to produce this result, which will, however, affect

the travelling public only in the direction of increased discomfort, and the calculation of extortions in shillings instead of francs or marks. But amongst the crowds who will people the glens and straths in the ordinary routes, there will be more than the usual number this year who will attempt to seek a more complete solitude in more secluded places. Most of these will, of course, swarm harmlessly over the sheep-farms which occupy most of the ground in the Highlands, but some will probably come into collision with the guardians or the proprietors of deer-forests, and we are certain to hear the old cry against the exclusiveness of landlords raised again. Of this cry Mr. Bryce's abortive attempt at legislation during the last Session was the result; and it may be worth while to consider how far the tourists have any real grievance, and what would be the effect on the general prosperity of the population in the North if any such laws were passed. We may note, in passing, the extremely loose manner in which Liberal agitators on this and kindred subjects use the word "people." Sometimes it means the whole community, sometimes the working classes; very often it refers only to those who hold Liberal opinions. Here it is used to describe the small section of the well-to-do middle class who can afford to take an expensive tour, and may even be said to apply only to the small proportion of these who have interest and energy enough to leave the beaten track. It cannot be too clearly grasped that this is the class in whose favour Mr. Bryce wishes to legislate. It is not the weaver mechanic in the smoky factories of Birmingham, nor the consumptive girl in the mills of Lancashire; but it is Mr. Jones, who travels first-class, and whose hotel bills amount to a guinea a night, who is to reap the supposed benefit. On this occasion it is found convenient to call Mr. Jones "the people." The picture of the grievance from which such tourists suffer is most heartrending as presented to us by the ordinary agitator. We are led to believe that hundreds and thousands of poor creatures, who have with difficulty snatched a short respite from the unwholesome toils of city life, have their enjoyment entirely destroyed by being confined to the high roads and the hotel gardens. The theory is that if they venture but a few steps into the heathery moor, or climb even a modest hill, fierce creatures ignorant of the English language will start up in all directions and send them back to their dull tracks faster than they came; or even that they may run great personal risk from the stray bullets which are commonly supposed to move to and fro like will-o'-the-wisps over the surface of deer-forests.

But the actual facts of the case are far otherwise. The Highlands (apart from the cultivated ground) are definitely divided into sheep-ground and deer-forest. Over the former the tourist is allowed to wander at his own sweet will, from the latter he is as far as possible excluded. The whole question of grievance, then, depends on the relative amounts of land devoted to sheep and deer, and whether the forests are so situated as to interfere with the freedom of the tourist in the ordinary centres at which his tribe congregate. On referring to the figures we find that deer-forests occupy considerably less than one-sixth of the Highlands. In other words, that the tourist has five-sixths to wander over as he may wish. But this is not all. A glance at the positions of deer-forests will show that the majority of them are quite inaccessible to the ordinary traveller from the absence of through roads and accommodation. Roads cannot, as a rule, be made for the sake of tourists. The amount of local traffic in the hilly districts is not great, owing to the very small amount of ground that will bear crops of any kind; and, as a rule, the proprietors have paid for such roads as are necessary out of their own private fortunes; nor would it be reasonable to expect a man to launch out into the doubtful speculation of building a large hotel in order to attract people whom he would rather not have near him. It is, therefore, not by especial design, but from the very nature of things that deer-forests are, as a rule, placed where tourists do not wish to go, and which they would in any case find great difficulty in reaching. But the assertion that they interfere with the tourist's enjoyment—unless that enjoyment consists in the childish delight of doing what he is told not to do—is clearly false. With five-sixths of Scotland to walk over, he may find every kind of scenery, lake and sea, mountain and river. He may find unbroken solitude in the most lovely spots. He may drink new champagne in expensive hotels, from which omnibuses meet all the trains and steamers, and at which the waiters are German; or he may live on mutton and fish in a distant glen with nothing but whiskey to wash down his uniform and solitary meals. Indeed so little of the accessible country is closed against him that if he finds himself turned off a forest he is pretty certain to have gone there for the purpose of being turned off.

It would thus appear that the tourist has no juster cause of complaint than the public have at not being admitted into Mr. Jones's suburban back garden, and that he has no shadow of even sentimental grievance, since much more of the Highlands is open to him than he ever really attempts to see. But there is another side to the question, that of the welfare of the population of the country. How would it be affected if such legislation as Mr. Bryce's were put in force? It is clear in the first place that if there were any large numbers of tourists allowed to roam over a deer-forest, that deer-forest would soon cease to exist. Human beings and deer cannot live together. As the tide of tourists advanced, these most timid of animals would gradually retire, until, when the whole of Scotland was overrun by mankind, a stray stag would be found once in a few years in some secluded and forgotten corrie. This in itself would be a sad result

from a sentimental point of view; but it would entail still sadder results of a very real kind on the inhabitants of the glens from which the deer were banished. In order to make this clear we must realize what a deer-forest is, and how it is worked, and remove a number of the misconceptions which the wild statements of agitators have created. Some of these are most astonishing. It is a common idea, for instance, that the ground which deer occupy was once covered by fields of corn and potatoes. It would of course be just as difficult to grow corn and potatoes in them as on the summit of Mont Blanc. No amount of draining or general agricultural improvement can convert precipitous hill-sides, deep peat bogs, or rocky mountain tops into a smiling champaign country with meadows and hedgerows and worked on the principle of the rotation of crops. Here and there in some sheltered glen it would no doubt be possible to raise a scanty yield of potatoes with immense labour and doubtful result. But taken as a whole, the land which is given up to deer could only be otherwise employed to furnish grazing for sheep. The second of these strange misconceptions is that wholesale and cruel evictions have been carried out when deer-forests have been made. That this is an absolutely untrue general statement is proved by the recent Report of the Crofters Commission, from which it appears that in only one case have crofters been evicted to make way for deer, and that case occurred thirty years ago. It is true that in the earlier half of this century, when the great system of sheep-farms was established which added enormously to the productive power of the Highlands, there was a large effacement of crofts. But it must be borne in mind that where this occurred to any great extent there had previously existed all the frightful evils which invariably attack an overcrowded and underfed population. Where such evictions were carried out judiciously there resulted a great increase of prosperity both to those who were left behind and those who started life afresh in the Colonies; while the ever-acting cause of extreme poverty, the perpetual subdivision of small crofts, was put a stop to. Whatever view, however, we may take of these transactions, they must now be accepted as accomplished facts. It would be a useless speculation to consider what would be the best method of treating a condition of things which does not exist. No benefit either to landlord or tenant could possibly arise from a return to the old system of small grazings, even were such a return now possible.

What has now to be considered, therefore, is the relative benefits conferred on the population of the Highlands by the placing of the land under sheep or deer. A candid examination of the subject will prove the advantage of deer-forests over sheep-walks from almost every point of view. We may note, in the first place, that in recent years, owing to various causes, the industry of sheep-farming has scarcely been a paying one. The sheep-farms which fell out of lease in 1853 could not, as a rule, be let again, even at a great reduction of rent. A landlord would thus have the choice of either taking a farm into his own hands or clearing it for deer. If he took the former course, he himself would be a poorer man, and therefore able to spend less on the improvement of his estate; and, in addition to this, he would deprive the neighbourhood of the benefits of a possibly resident tenant. If, on the other hand, he were to place deer on the ground, he could let it at an increased rental, he would be sure of placing there a tenant who was resident and ready to spend money in the place itself, and there would be actually more men employed on the ground than in the corresponding acreage of sheep-walk. These are briefly the chief advantages of deer-forests over sheep-farms, and many of them are of much more importance than would appear at first sight. A sheep-farmer, even if resident, is a man who is making every endeavour to secure a profit out of the farm. He does not, therefore, spend money in employing local labour beyond what would be necessary for the carrying on of his business. The deer-tenant, on the other hand, comes to spend, not to make, money. He is usually a rich man, he entertains guests, keeps up a large household, and makes expensive improvements. Thus the ordinary expenditure by a sheep-farmer, including the rent and expenses of the grouse-shooting on his land, may be calculated at about three-fifths of the expenditure of a deer-tenant on the same land; while the deer-tenants, with long leases, have not unfrequently spent sums varying from five hundred to three thousand a year in improvements, largely made with local labour. Again, the permanent staff of a deer-forest is larger than would be required on the same ground as a sheep-farm; in addition to which several "gillies," who are usually the sons of the neighbouring crofters, are employed, with their ponies, at six shillings a day for two months. Many poor crofters are thus enabled to keep ponies to work their ploughs and to carry their fuel who would not otherwise be able to do so. The above facts will amply illustrate the great benefits which are reaped by the local population when a tract of land is placed under deer. And a corresponding effect on the numbers of the population has, of course, taken place. Thus we find that in the county of Inverness, in which during the last ten years there have been formed several new forests, there has been during that period an increase in the population of three per cent. There remains only one other argument against deer-forests to be dealt with—namely, that founded on the supposed decrease of the meat-supply to the nation by their creation. A number of statements on this head are spread abroad of a very misleading character. Thus, for instance, we are told that the number of sheep in Scotland is rapidly diminishing. It has, on the contrary, slightly increased during the last four

years, while the actual number of sheep cleared from forests between 1872 and 1882 amounts to only one-half per cent. of the whole number of sheep in Great Britain—a perfectly insignificant quantity when we consider that a large part of our meat-supply is imported, and that under deer a forest will produce 20 per cent. of the meat-supply of the same ground under sheep. We thus find that without inflicting any appreciable injury on the general public, the existence of deer-forests is of almost incalculable advantage to the inhabitants of the districts in which they are placed. It is very characteristic of modern theoretical legislators that they should attempt to pass a Bill like that of Mr. Bryce, calculated to give a slight increase of enjoyment to a few well-to-do tourists, at the expense of the real welfare of a large number of struggling and hard-working poor; and all this under the pretence of benefiting the people.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

IN 1773 Major-General Boyd, in temporary command of the garrison of Gibraltar, laid the foundation-stone of a new work, planned to strengthen the sea-face of the fortifications. On fixing the stone, he said to the assembled officers:—"This is the first stone of a work which I name the 'King's Bastion.' May it be as gallantly defended as I know it will be ably executed; and may I live to see it resist the united efforts of France and Spain!" It is needless to add that the General did live to have his wish, and, as second in command of Gibraltar to General Elliott, took a distinguished part in the defence which culminated in the defeat of the great attack of September 13, 1782.

At that time every man who gave the subject a thought (and those who did not think sometimes in those days were content to listen to those who did) knew that France envied us the rule of the New World and of India, which we had wrung from her in the late war. Spain, as the satellite of France, and as another defeated candidate for a world-wide empire, was waiting for our misfortunes and for her opportunities as well. A victory over France and Spain combined was desired to assert definitely and for ever the maritime and Colonial supremacy of England. The opportunity for France and Spain was supposed to have arrived when the revolt of the American Colonies had grown into a dangerous civil war. Burgoyne's troops had surrendered at Saratoga. Full concession of all their original demands had failed to conciliate the faction who guided the American Congress. France recognized the independence of the States, and drew Spain along with her. There was every reason why Spain should not have gone to war. The condition of the army, of the navy, of the treasury, were all arguments for peace. Above all, as the Spanish Minister, Florida Blanca, saw, the cause of England, not the cause of America, was the cause with which Spain should sympathize. There was no point of the Colonial policy of England resented in America which could not be paralleled by similar policy of Spain, and by similar discontent in the Spanish Colonies. If we chastised the American contraband traders with whips, Spain chastised them with scorpions. King Charles's little finger was thicker than King George's loins. The successful revolt of North America implied the ultimate and certainly successful revolt of South America. There was worse provocation and an easier prospect of deliverance. The example was sure of a speedy imitation.

In the face of these well-understood dangers, Spain joined with France and with America. The advice of the Minister was overborne by the hopes of the King and by the influence of France. The fear that the rule of a Bourbon in Spain would give France a constant ally in that country was so far justified that twice at least in the seventy years following the Treaty of Utrecht Spain was drawn by France into war with England against her own interest, and in this case to our embarrassment. But it must be allowed that the possession of Gibraltar by England was as great a provocation to Spain as our possession of Calais had been to France. It was worse, indeed; for, if Calais had not been English, it is probable that, till the middle of the fifteenth century at least, it would have been Burgundian. From the date of its final capture from the Moors in 1465, Gibraltar had been Castilian. Once, in 1504, it had been taken and plundered by a Turkish fleet; but they had not attempted to hold it, as the English had done. The hope of the recapture of the place was—if we may trust some people, is still—ever present to the minds of Spaniards. "Is Gibraltar yet taken?" the King of Spain is reported to have asked every morning. Being told "No," he answered, "It will be soon," and waited hopefully for the next day's news. Certainly at this time the great over-mastering cause, by which all the dictates of prudence were to be overruled, was the hope of recovering Gibraltar. Minorca, it is true, was also desired. But Minorca was not a part of the Spanish peninsula. Minorca had once been wrested from the English, and might be so wrested again at any time. Over Gibraltar the English flag had waved for three-quarters of a century. Repeated attempts to regain the rock had failed. The attack which had most nearly succeeded had been made within a few months of the original capture. Five hundred men landed near the south end of the rock had slept in St. Michael's Cave undiscovered, scaled Charles the Fifth's wall, and surprised and nearly overcame the garrison. Certainly Rooke and the Prince of Hesse had taken the town much in the same way, landing troops and sailors to storm after a short cannonade. On that occasion, however, the Spanish

garrison had been miserably insufficient in numbers, and of those few half were engaged in their devotions when the English landed. Since then the fortifications had been enlarged and improved to an extent which seemed to forbid a *coup de main* being attempted. Yet the final attack of the great siege was almost of that nature, and was probably desperate from the beginning.

At first the Spaniards had been content with a blockade. Formal siege operations were impossible. The greater part of the north face of the rock looking towards the isthmus which joins it to Andalusia is inaccessible. The north-west corner, where the town lies, is covered by elaborate works and protected in front by an inundation. Any approaches are, moreover, entirely commanded by rock-hewn batteries towering one above the other. Across the isthmus, however, the Spaniards drew lines of fortification and mounted heavy batteries. They assembled a fleet, supported by gun and mortar-boats, in the bay. They negotiated with the Emperor of Morocco to cut off supplies from Africa. The garrison and civil population were reduced to considerable straits. But it proved impossible to maintain the blockade. Private adventurers ran cargoes. The sympathies of the Moors of the opposite coast were with the garrison. Under the directions of the Governor vegetables were cultivated where the depth of soil on the rock allowed, and their use, with that of lemons, was recommended as a then novel cure for scurvy. The historian of the siege, Colonel Drinkwater, remarks upon their successful use with surprise. In spite of the many calls of the war, the Government managed to despatch reinforcements and stores to Gibraltar, replenishing the magazines, and raising the number of the garrison from 5,000 to 7,000 English and Hanoverians. Two fleets, under Sir George Rodney and Admiral Darby respectively, brought relief to the place in 1780 and 1781. The state of the blockading force meanwhile was such that deserters constantly came over to the garrison, complaining of want and discomfort of various kinds in the Spanish lines. Many of these were men of the foreign regiments in the Spanish service. Deserters also left the garrison, but not a few were dashed to pieces in trying to descend the northern face of the rock.

It was after the relief in 1781 that the besiegers turned their blockade into an active siege; and a heavy bombardment took the place of the previous desultory fire. The town was almost destroyed at once by the enemy's land batteries, while the gunboats inflicted much annoyance upon the garrison. A spirited sortie, towards the end of 1781, seriously retarded the land attack; but it was upon the sea-face that the Spaniards were determined to make their great effort.

The comparative efficacy of the gunboats had suggested to M. d'Arçon, a French engineer, the construction of floating batteries, which should be at once moveable and impregnable. Ten large ships were fortified upon the port side with green timber, to the thickness of seven feet, bolted and strengthened with iron, covered and lined with raw hides to prevent fire. A sloping roof of the same construction covered the deck. Guns of the heaviest calibre then used at sea—26 to 32-pounders—were mounted aboard, in one or two tiers. They carried in all 212 guns, and were manned by 5,260 men. Forty-seven sail of the line, French and Spanish, three inferior two-deckers, frigates, gun-boats and mortar-boats innumerable, were ready to support them. The lines were armed with 200 pieces of artillery, and an army of 40,000 men was assembled behind them. The Duke de Crillon, fresh from the conquest of Minorca, arrived to take the command. The Count d'Artois journeyed from Paris to assist as a volunteer. In the course of a chequered career the Count assisted at a considerable number of military exploits, considering his eminently unmilitary character, and of these more than one turned out disastrously for his friends. He commanded a regiment of emigrants in the army which retired from the plateau of Valmy. He remained in safety off the coast while the last efforts of the Vendéans were crushed out in blood. Lastly, he proceeded to Lyons, with the troops destined to bring Napoleon, dead or alive, to Paris, in the spring of 1815. But it may be doubted if he was ever present at a scene of more complete disappointment than that which he witnessed on September 13th and 14th, 1782. Yet the plan of attack was a desperate one from the beginning when directed against a place like Gibraltar, defended by 7,000 men of a quality and experience in their work which could not be surpassed. The ten battering-ships were moored in a line about 1,000 yards from the walls. They brought 142 guns to bear on the place, and the land batteries directed 186 at the same time from the isthmus. The expectation was that the garrison would be driven from their guns by this crushing and enfilading fire. Then the walls would be breached. Then troops would advance in large boats, and storm the place from the sea, under cover of the fire of the line-of-battle ships, which would replace the battering-ships when once the garrison was silenced, in order to bring more guns to bear upon the English infantry.

A little past nine o'clock on the morning of September 13 the battering-ships opened fire, the King's bastion and the Orange bastion, on the sea face, being the principal objects of their attack. The first mischance was that a brisk south-west wind sprang up, and hindered the co-operation of the gun-boats. Secondly, the English refused to consider the fire of the land-batteries at all, and directed every gun and man possible against the battering-ships. Means for heating shot had been prepared, and the red-hot shot were fired with the same vivacity and skill as the cold. The Spanish prisoners afterwards complained bitterly that they had

been told that the fire of hot shot could not be long maintained. In the afternoon the enemy was in visible trouble. In the evening he was silenced; and by the early morning of the 14th eight out of the ten ships were in flames. The remaining two took fire subsequently, and the 14th was passed by the naval brigade in rescuing the remains of the crews, under a sullen fire from the batteries upon the isthmus. Some slight damage had been done to the fortifications, but the loss of the garrison was only 16 killed and 68 wounded. They had had only 96 guns in action, and had fired more than 8,300 rounds. The superiority of guns on shore over shipping, both of the old type, was never more decisively shown.

In the first moment of angry disappointment the Spaniards wished to attempt the garrison by a general assault from sea and land. Fortunately for them they were overruled by the Duke de Crillon, who refused to expose the line-of-battle ships and soldiers to certain destruction. Though the siege was formally continued until the peace in 1783, active operations were at an end. One more extraordinary design was indeed entertained, and partially executed. Miners were sent in the night to a point close under the north-eastern part of the rock, where the guns of the garrison could barely touch them, and instructed to mine the place. This magnificent futility of attempting to blow the face of a mountain into the air by a gallery at its foot had actually been tried before in the short siege of 1727. The garrison were content with annoying with musketry all who showed themselves, and with blowing showers of stones down on them by the explosion of small charges of powder in the face of the rock.

A more feasible plan was to recover Gibraltar by treaty, trusting to the desire of England for peace. England, however, was not reduced to such extremities as to fear a continuance of war with Spain, and France was not inclined to sacrifice her own interests for the ally whose services she had desired. Whatever may have been the views of the Ministry, the question of the cession of Gibraltar was settled by the popular voice decisively. To England, smarting under the results of incompetence in America, the defence, and the brilliant victory by which it was crowned, was a subject of immense enthusiasm. A subsequent undisturbed possession of one hundred years has left Gibraltar in the hands of the English crown for just three-fourths of the length of time for which it belonged to Castile before us.

MISS MARY ANDERSON AT THE LYCEUM.

A RENEWED study of Miss Mary Anderson's performances of Galatea and Clarice in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays makes it more than ever difficult to understand the secret of the popularity the American actress has gained. Between the adequate practice of stage-craft and the sympathetic interpretation of poetical and romantic character there is all the difference that lies between the artificer and the artist; and higher praise than that of being a fairly competent artificer (in the ordinary acceptance of the term) cannot justly be awarded to Miss Anderson. An actress more devoid of sensibility has rarely been seen in prominent characters; and sensibility is the first step towards that power over the emotions of an audience which is the sign of the true dramatic artist. We do not imagine that even one of those who applaud Miss Anderson most loudly has ever been touched by any word she has uttered or gesture she has made. Discussion of an actress's personal appearance is one of the vilest faults of conventional criticism. The shape of the head, the form of the nose, the cast of the mouth, have nothing in themselves to do with art. If the mouth be expressive, if the bend of the head aid in any way the development of character, then these things may legitimately be described. To summarize the "points" of a lady on the stage is to do that which is outside the province of good taste. It is the actress, not the woman, who has to be considered; and, as an actress, Miss Anderson is entirely lacking in all the higher attributes of her calling. In his "mythological comedy" Mr. Gilbert has striven unduly to make his Galatea a sympathetic character. She herself has been void of offence. She loves Pygmalion, and with an innocence simpler than that of childhood frankly says what is in her heart; yet the author makes her suffer the cruellest of dooms, to be hated and despised by the man to whom her whole heart is given. The bitter and remorselessly unjust reproaches which the author causes Pygmalion selfishly to launch at Galatea in the final scene can only be intended to make her distress touching; but Miss Anderson never for an instant moves the spectator to pity. Mr. Gilbert has strengthened the actress's part at the expense of his play; and it is doubly unfortunate when, as is of necessity the case with Miss Anderson's Galatea, the chance is completely sacrificed. On the first night of the revival the lady's accent was more strongly American than formerly, and a Galatea who speaks American is sadly destructive of illusion. Still worse is the ludicrous exaggeration of those carefully-studied attitudes which form so important a part of Miss Anderson's stock-in-trade. Her unconventional poses have been the subject of much praise, and they are now marked by an extravagance which leads her beyond that fatal step where the sublime ends. Some of Miss Anderson's contortions have only been rivalled by the clever young actress who some time ago so amusingly burlesqued Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at Mr. Toole's theatre. At the end of the first act of *Pygmalion* and *Galatea* the animated statue kneels at the feet

of her maker. Her back is towards him, and she bends her head to look up into his face in a manner which can only be accepted as artistic in so far as acrobaticism is art. Some of the delicately humorous lines of the part, and some of the lines which are rather suggestive than delicate in the familiar employment of these words, Miss Anderson delivers with a simplicity which is exceedingly welcome, for the making of points is one of her chief weaknesses. Not improbably the value of the author's superintendence is here exhibited; but surely Mr. Gilbert cannot approve of this Galatea's unceasing struggle to be prominent, a struggle which mars the efforts of the other performers. An instance is to be found in the delivery of the speech in which Cynisca calls down the curse of Artemis upon her husband. Throughout the utterance of Cynisca's lines Miss Anderson gives vent to broken ejaculations, the result of which is to destroy the scene. In the present revival the Cynisca is sufficiently weak to accomplish this unaided. Miss Myra Holme makes a feeble representative of the sculptor's wife, and, except Mr. Terriss, who replaces Mr. Barnes as Pygmalion, the general performance ranges from barely passable to very poor.

The favourable opinion we expressed concerning Mr. Gilbert's skilful *tour de force*, *Comedy and Tragedy*, when it was first given we were unable to extend to the representation of Clarice. Miss Anderson seems quite unable to be simple and natural. She will not credit her audience with any ability of perception, but forcibly emphasizes every line. When, for example, Clarice's guests suggest that the improvisation shall be "comedy first and tragedy afterwards," she repeats the words, "Yes, comedy first, and tragedy afterwards!" as though she supposed that the audience could not possibly perceive for themselves how the request of her visitors for a passing entertainment bore upon the veritable condition of affairs. Mr. Gilbert has written a very effective speech for Clarice when she amuses her guests by assuming the character of a strolling actor who has entered a tavern and describes himself in answer to a request there made to him. For this Miss Anderson receives more applause than for anything else she does; such imitative business at the best is a very low form of histrionic art. To mimic the whine of the beggar, the pomposity of the constable, the swagger of the swashbuckler, the tremulous habit of the aged miser, and the other characters introduced is a very easy task. Set in contrast as they are here the speech tells strongly, but any actress of very moderate capacity could make it tell. What the actress of very moderate capacity could not do is to impress and excite the house by the display of Clarice's agony of mind in the subsequent scene. It will be remembered that her husband, D'Aulnay, is fighting a duel with the Duc d'Orléans in the garden beyond the room where the company is sitting. Believing that D'Aulnay is killed or desperately wounded, she strives to convince her guests that she is not acting as she implores the Doctor Choquet to give her the key leading to the garden; and it is here, where the greatest opportunity is afforded her, that the actress most distinctly fails. No ring of sincerity or earnestness is to be detected in her voice. We feel that the scene has been carefully stage-managed, and wonder what Miss Anderson will do next. It is impossible for a single moment to realize Clarice's terrible distress. A great actress, an actress who could play the part, would show the degrees by which Clarice's self-possession left her, and how her over-wrought brain gave way, unable to stand the strain. Of this Miss Anderson is able to show nothing. She is expert at her craft, and moves about the stage with practised ease—that is all. The cry of triumph and relief with which she falls into her husband's arms as he enters should produce an overwhelming effect. The situation is admirably planned. But here it goes for little or nothing. *Comedy and Tragedy* shows very strikingly how very limited are the American actress's powers. We certainly cannot look forward to her Juliet with the slightest sense of hope. Mr. Terriss is the D'Aulnay of the revival. He plays with discretion, but Mr. W. Rignold's Duc d'Orléans is bad burlesque, and his friends fall lamentably short of fulfilling the idea of the Regent's courtiers.

THE ST. LEGER.

IF people fail to foretell the result of a St. Leger, it is not from the want of public form on which to base their calculations. And in this respect the St. Leger has an advantage over the Derby, for some three-year-olds make their first appearance in public for the year in the latter race, and backers have only their two-year-old form as a guide; and even the Two Thousand throws but a half-light upon the Derby qualifications of its competitors, as the distance and the character of its course are very different from those of the Derby. But before Doncaster nearly all the three-year-olds in training have run several times, many of them having met again and again over courses of various lengths and characters. There is consequently a superabundance of public form for the study of St. Leger prophets. The chief evil of all this "book-learning" is that on paper the race too often appears to be a moral certainty for one particular horse, and backers are tempted to bet so heavily on it that odds are not uncommonly laid on the favourite at the start; and then it often happens that the beast gets beaten. We have no great sympathy with people who fool away their money in betting; but, if they must needs bet at all, it seems the most sensible plan to follow public form, and public form is not uncommonly upset in the St. Leger.

Like all the great three-year-old races of this year, the St.

Leger was well known to be a prize which would not fall to the best three-year-old of the season; but, in St. Simon's absence, it appeared to be an unusually open race. During the last twenty years we have seldom known first favourites for the St. Leger enthroned and dethroned so often, and two or three weeks before the race either Scot Free or Superba was first favourite every other day, and sometimes more than once in a day. The extreme hardness of the ground added an extra uncertainty to the probabilities of the race, for during the two months preceding the event there were constant fears lest one or other of the favourites should break down in training.

Hermitage made the greater part of the running. Neither Scot Free nor Harvester took an important part in the race during any portion of it, but Superba, Sir Reuben, The Lambkin, Queen Adelaide, and Sandiway were all in the leading division when they came into the straight piece of course leading up to the winning-post. The first beaten were Sir Reuben and Queen Adelaide, and then there was a pretty struggle between The Lambkin, who held the lead, and Sandiway and Superba, who tried to catch him. The Lambkin swerved towards Sandiway, but he held his own to the end, and won by a length. Sandiway was three-quarters of a length in front of Superba. When the horses were pulled up both Scot Free and Harvester were lame, and one of Superba's forelegs, which had been under suspicion for some days, was now much flushed, so The Lambkin and Sir Reuben were the only leading favourites sound enough to do their best. Sir Reuben ran but moderately; therefore The Lambkin's victory is easily accounted for. Yorkshiremen were naturally pleased at the success of Mr. Vyner, and Watts is to be congratulated on having ridden the winners of the St. Leger in two consecutive years. The Lambkin's success will contribute much to the prestige of that rising sire Camballo. Although this horse was only fifteenth on the list of stallions last year as far as the amount won by his stock is concerned, no sires, with the exception of Hermit and Speculum, could boast of so many winners during the season. The great lesson taught by the late St. Leger is the importance of soundness in racehorses. Of horses that had been first favourites at one time or another for the race, Busybody, Scot Free, Harvester, and Superba all gave way on their legs either during their preparation or in the contest itself. On public form, The Lambkin was a few pounds inferior to each of them, and yet his soundness enabled him to win the St. Leger. Sandiway, who ran second, although small and light in bone, is hard, clean, and wiry, and she had evidently undergone a thorough preparation. The Lambkin's victory reflects great credit on the French horse Little Duck, by See Saw, who beat The Lambkin by five lengths in the race for the Grand Prix de Paris.

The weights for the St. Leger have been changed this year. Hitherto, colts carried 8 st. 10 lbs. and fillies 8 st. 5 lbs., but now the colts carry 9 st. and the fillies 8 st. 11 lbs. Considering that mares are at their best in September, this appears to be a change for the better. Indeed, if Superba had remained sound, it might have been doubtful whether The Lambkin could have given her 3 lbs. Although close and oppressive, the weather on the day of the St. Leger was fine, and the attendance was enormous.

The scratching of Busybody, some ten days before the race, took away much of the interest of the St. Leger. The hard ground had told its tale upon her, and she fell so lame that her starting became an impossibility. Scot Free, the winner of the Two Thousand, had fair claims to first favouritism on the strength of that race alone, which he had won in a canter by five lengths; and his easy victory in the Craven Stakes still further supported his chance. Harvester beat him by three-quarters of a length in the Payne Stakes, but then Scot Free had 7 lbs. more to carry. Harvester, Superba, and Hermitage were all far behind him in the Two Thousand. Nevertheless, he had yet to show that he could stay for a mile and three-quarters. Superba ran within half a length of Busybody in the Oaks, and she won the Sandown Derby, but only by a head from Darlington. The shortness of the course, which was only five furlongs, and the 8 lbs. and sex which she was giving to Darlington, were urged as excuses for this very moderate victory, and as she should have received 5 lbs. for sex, the allowance which she was making to Darlington was almost equal to a stone. Busybody had won the only races for which she had started this year—the One Thousand and the Oaks, and she was supposed to be an extraordinary mare. Accordingly it was thought that Superba, on the strength of her running with Busybody in the Oaks, must in reality have been very much better than the rest of her form this year would have led one to suppose; otherwise she had no claims, apart from her two-year-old running, to second favouritism. The Lambkin had been unplaced for the City and Suburban Handicap, but he had been second for the Grand Prix de Paris, and he had given Acrostic, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, 2 lbs. and a year, and beaten him easily, although by a neck only, in the Esher Stakes at Sandown.

Harvester's form with Scot Free we have already noticed, and his very meritorious dead-heat with St. Gatien in the Derby is fresh in everybody's memory; but his victory in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood was of no great importance; he ran badly in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and he failed to give 5 lbs. to Cormeille in the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood. If Harvester was at his best at Goodwood, Cormeille should have been among the leading favourites for the St. Leger. It was generally believed, however, that Harvester had been several

pounds below his best form at Goodwood. The question now was whether Harvester had returned to his Epsom form. Hermitage had been a somewhat uncertain performer; but his easy victory in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood over Sandiway and Royal Fern induced many people to believe that he was a horse who rarely showed his best form, and that he might prove far more dangerous in the St. Leger than was generally supposed. Sir Reuben's only race had been the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, which he had won easily by three lengths from Hermitage. Queen Adelaide had been third for the Derby and the Oaks and second for the One Thousand; but she had run very badly in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Cambusmore had only run twice this season. His first race was for the Ascot Derby over a mile and a half, for which Brest beat him by a head, while Pontiac ran a dead-heat with him for second place. The next day he won the St. James's Palace Stakes, over a mile, by five lengths, when Pontiac was unplaced; whereas the pair had run a dead-heat on the previous day. This running with Pontiac, if correct, seemed to show that Cambusmore ran better over a mile than a mile and a half, which did not look promising for his chance in the St. Leger. Sandiway had been fourth for the One Thousand, and had run second to Hermitage, with something the worst of the weights, at Goodwood; but she had won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot and the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood with remarkable ease. It may be worth noticing that all the horses we have mentioned, with the single exception of Sir Reuben, had been beaten this year.

With regard to the appearance of the competitors, in the opinion of some good judges, Scot Free did not show so much breeding or symmetry as his sire, Macgregor. Superba is a beautiful mare, but she wintered badly, and when she came out for the Two Thousand she had grown very little since the autumn. Between May and September, however, she had improved immensely, and she was in excellent training, so there were good grounds for hoping that she might make a great advance on the form which she had already shown this year. If she should have returned to her two-year-old form—and her looks promised it—she ought, it was thought, to have a fine chance of winning the St. Leger. Sir Reuben did not appear to be thoroughly trained when he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and yet he stayed well over that trying course. He is a large and powerful chestnut colt by Doncaster out of Belle Agnes, but some doubts were expressed as to his quality being equal to that of one or two of the other competitors. The Lambkin is another powerful colt, with plenty of length, and he was said to be very sound, and to have done plenty of work. Harvester, on the other hand, was not supposed to have undergone a very complete preparation, and the same may be said of Queen Adelaide—a remarkably fine mare upon very small legs. Hermitage was liked by some people, but others considered him a big, plain, and narrow colt, decidedly below the class of St. Leger winners. Sandiway is a nice mare, but she is not on a large scale, nor has she grown very much as a three-year-old. Cormeille rather pleased the critics, but Cambusmore scarcely looked good enough. Among the trainers, Jewitt was most strongly represented, as far as numbers went, for Harvester, Sir Reuben, and Queen Adelaide came from his stable. Seldom have trainers of St. Leger horses had more cause for anxiety than during the drought of last August, and it would be hardly too much to say that they have never had more reason to complain of annoyance from touting, a system which has lately been developed beyond the limits of endurance. According to *Baily's Magazine*, one tout "is reputed to earn his thousand a year at the work," and it is stated in an article in *The Field* that "one of the most experienced trainers at Newmarket" lately "declared that two or three of the best-known touts there, whom he mentioned by name, are better acquainted with the form of each horse in his stable than he is himself." It is also said that some suspicious owners even employ touts to watch the work done by their own horses.

REVIEWS.

A LAND MARCH FROM ENGLAND TO CEYLON.*

THE author of these volumes is no comfortable tourist. He belongs to the age of hardships and rough work, and has quite justified his publication, which has been skilfully put together out of letters written home, aided possibly by personal recollections forty years old. He took nearly three years to get from the booking-office of the Regent Circus to Southern India and Ceylon. In this interval he covered about 10,000 miles of country, 7,000 of which were accomplished on horseback; and, in a striking passage near the close of his second volume, he enumerates his various modes of conveyance, beginning with the English mail between London and Dover and the Continental railway, descending to the Arab horse that kept on at a steady pace of four miles an hour, and ending with the camel at three miles and the bullock-

* *A Land March from England to Ceylon Forty Years Ago, through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Assyria, Persia, Afghanistan, Scinde, and India, of which 7,000 miles on Horseback. Illustrated with Original Sketches. 2 vols. By Edward Ledwick Mitford, F.R.G.S., Ceylon Civil Service (Retired). London: Allen & Co. 1884.*

cart of the South India, which crept along at the rate of one *kos* or two miles an hour. Mr. Mitford has fairly proved his possession of all the essential qualifications of a traveller in remote and unfriendly regions. He is evidently a man of pluck, resources, character, and discernment. He was prepared to face any dangers from robbers and raiders, and scorned to resort to disguises, by which Orientals are rarely deceived. He was tolerably proof against the delays of Aghas and Pashas and all the well-known evasions by which Turkish and Persian officials endeavour to bar the passage of an inquiring and resolute Englishman. To the minor annoyances of Eastern travel he paid no heed. To lodge in filthy rest-houses or foul stables, swarming with fleas; to sleep with a saddle for his pillow, and his horse's bridle twisted round one hand; to see in such accommodation as the priest or the *kathkuda* could afford, a hotel or a palace; to camp out at night with a rug or cloak for his only shelter; to be content with dried figs, fish roe, beans and hard biscuits, and paste made of apricots, and to eke out this scanty fare by an occasional wild duck, partridge, or sand-grouse—all this was easy and it evoked neither murmur nor regret. More than once he records his deep satisfaction at his want of encumbrances and servants, and at the very small amount of food which, in a dry climate and under the extremes of heat and cold, was ample to support life. Yet in the course of a journey which enabled him to see the interior of Dalmatia, Montenegro, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Persia and Khorassan, Herat and Candahar, Scinde and Bombay, Ellora, Nellore and Trichinopoly, he encountered serious troubles and annoyances enough to daunt half a dozen men in quest of adventures. He does not tell us of hairbreadth escapes from assassins and robbers; but he was half suffocated by a charcoal fire. He was occasionally laid up for some time; and once, after drinking unwholesome water, he lay between life and death for days under a malarious attack which nothing but a strong constitution and the kind attention of a servant named Ibrahim enabled him to shake off. He has learnt many useful lessons, for instance, that the best way of preventing horses from having sore backs is never to take the saddles off except when the animals are cool. Without any undue anxiety for sport, he had the sportsman's appetite and love of exercise, and was always ready to beat up the scrub for quail and partridge, and the reeds for ducks. He occasionally tried to see if Oriental fish would rise to the fly of London tackle-makers; and altogether he was determined to make the best of everything, never lost heart, went on when his companion (a younger man) turned back, had an implicit trust in a superintending Providence, and showed an intelligent interest in mosques and palaces, the tombs of saints and the palaces of ancient kings. To any one undertaking a similar trip now, we should suggest the addition of an Express rifle and a store of quinine, for both of which Mr. Mitford would have been the better. The difficulties of the route were somewhat lessened by a certain facility for acquiring Eastern languages. The best interpreter is but a poor compensation for ignorance on this head. He already knew something of Arabic as it is spoken in Morocco, where the pronunciation and probably some of the idioms differ from that in use in Syria; and during a stay of six weeks at Bagdad he picked up enough of Persian to acquit himself fairly at Teheran and Meshed. To an Arabic scholar many words in use in Persia are already familiar, and the extreme simplicity and beauty of the Persian grammar would make its acquirement, with the aid of a good instructor, tolerably easy in less than the above space. Probably Mr. Mitford would not pass as an Orientalist, nor might he satisfy the examiners in Cannon Row; for it is easy to detect several errors in spelling, which may be owing to the imperfection of handwriting deciphered or re-read after a lapse of years. *Helloua*, sweetmeats, should be *hulwa*; *Eusbashi* is put for *yuz-bashi*; *Nurameida* should be *Naro-medha*, a human sacrifice; *bajjeri*, a coarse grain and the food of some millions in India, is really the *Bajra*; and *Imamzadeh*, a mosque, we suspect should be *Imambarah*, though Professor Palmer's useful Dictionary tells us that the former word, besides its natural meaning "the son of an Imam," may also signify a "mausoleum where a descendant of the Prophet is buried." We must add that, in addition to his other qualifications, Mr. Mitford sketches fairly well. A wild-looking Brahui whom he saw in Scinde is life-like, and though his landscapes have obvious defects, his tombs and forts reproduce the originals very well. The sketch of the famous temple of Kailasa at Ellora and that of the city of Kandahar quite correspond, the one to Mr. Burgess's more elaborate performances, and the other to recent sketches of the town twice occupied by our armies within living memory.

We do not concur in a criticism that Mr. Mitford might have shortened his work by omitting some of the earlier portion. He does not take more than sixty pages to get to Constantinople, and about two hundred to leave Jerusalem behind him, and even the most flying tourist may like to know how travellers fared in the Palmerstonian era, when, to the intense enjoyment of camping out before a blazing fire in a fine climate, was added the feeling that the wayfarer belonged to a race for which special *firmons* and *parwana*s were always procurable, and which Bedouins, brigands, and Turcomans would do well not to molest. The descriptions of life in Albania and Montenegro are worth reading. At the capital of the latter country Mr. Mitford saw "forty-five human heads stuck on lances and blackening in the sun." This was the way in which the chief disposed of his enemies the Turks, with whom he was then at war. This sight apparently did not spoil the enjoyment of a good dinner with the said Chief or Vladika,

who was seven feet in height, spoke French fluently, and wore the somewhat incongruous dress of a bishop of the Greek Church. Mr. Mitford's usual indifference to the pleasures of the table did not prevent his appreciation of the real *maraschino*, which is manufactured to perfection only in Dalmatia, and he seems to have fancied a wine made on the estate of a functionary who retained the title of *Prætor* to be little inferior to Madeira. But we must hasten on past Constantinople, Aleppo, Antioch, and other well-known cities, to the further East, which had not then become vulgar and commonplace, though the descriptions of the above and of other towns in the first volume are neither exaggerated nor dull. We take objection to the preference given to Meleda in the Adriatic over Malta as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. This question was, we think, settled by a practised yachtsman and scholar some years back. The small animal described at page 120, vol. i., as having grey fur, no tail, and addicted to burrowing, we take to be the *wahr*, or coney of Scripture; but for the Grecian origia of an aqueduct some fifty miles from Tarsus we should substitute Roman. An aqueduct with two ranges of arches, one above the other, the upper range having fourteen and the lower nine or ten, reads very like descriptions of the Pont-du-Gard, and other celebrated Roman work.

Our relations with the Shah were not of the most pleasant character when Mr. Mitford visited the dominions of that potentate. The British Embassy was deserted. Mr. Mitford was secretly denounced as a spy who was intriguing with certain banished Persian princes; there were more than the usual evasions and obstacles; and had it not been for the timely aid of Baron Bode, Secretary to the Russian Embassy, Khorassan would not have been visited at all. Mr. Mitford's opinion of Persia corresponds generally with that of more recent travellers. It is a country of striking contrasts. For miles nothing can be seen but a salt desert or a barren range of hills. The population is represented by some *Illyats* in black tents. Then suddenly the traveller, to his delight and amazement, drops on a valley of extraordinary beauty and fertility. Pure waters, green grass, fruits and vegetables in rich profusion, would charm a poet; or a flourishing town with a good supply of ice and sherbet, warm baths, barbers, and cookshops at which stews and *kababs* can be had on short notice, presents a picture not to be found in the bazaars of Lucknow or Delhi. The account of the manners and morals of the Persians is not flattering. Other travellers have told us of their falsehood and duplicity in contrast to the *fides prisca*, but have been disarmed by the charm of their conversation, the grace and elegance of the language, and an apt citation from their favourite Sadi of Shiraz. Mr. Mitford was sickened with their lies and met with scant courtesy, and he appears to have preferred the gritty coffee of the Turks to the black tea and no sugar of the Persians. His description of the Shah and his army and its progress is significant. He had 15,000 men and thirty field-pieces, badly served. The accoutrements were picturesque and irregular, and the latter epithet applied to the soldiers' pay. The march of infantry, cavalry, mules, camels, and baggage cattle resembled the rout and disorder of a beaten force. There was not the smallest attempt at discipline, every one trying to get over the ground before his neighbour, amidst shouts, songs, and uproar. When this rabble came to a halt the wretched inhabitants had a bad time. Horses were picketed in the fields of grain and clover, and herds of mules were allowed to graze freely on the crops. What in the morning was a vineyard, a garden, and standing corn, "in the evening was a barren plain"; "the land was as the garden of Eden before them, and, behind them, a desolate wilderness."

It is fair to the Shah to note that he made use of his army to put down a band of Lutis who had committed some atrocities at Isfahan and had shot an Armenian Patriarch. Julla, a suburb of Isfahan, is full of wealthy Armenians. But despotism is often forcible and feeble. A gross outrage offered to the Shah's Vizir was not punished, because the perpetrator was a wirepuller of some local influence. At Meshed and elsewhere, a sanctuary was often resorted to by wilows who claimed justice and by criminals who wished to evade it. Like similar privileges in our Middle Ages, this right was liable to use and abuse in about equal portions.

Mr. Mitford had more reason to be pleased with the beauty of Hamadan than with the dust and mud houses of Teheran. The scorpions, spiders, and tarantulas of the latter were unendurable. At Meshed he met with a German adventurer, named Dotterwich, who had tried indigo-planting in Bengal, mining in the Himalayas, service under Shah Kamran at Herat, and soldiering under the Persian monarch. His history and his narrow escape from slavery in the Turcoman desert, and his opinions of the Persians are amusing. From Meshed to Herat is just 240 miles. Here Mr. Mitford was welcomed by the late Major D'Arcy Todd, Lieutenant North, and Dr. Login, and was enabled to form some opinion of the origin, progress, and effects of the siege of the town by the Persian army in 1837. Here, too, he made acquaintance with the notorious Yar Mohammed, who entertained him with a band of musicians captured from the Persian army in a sortie. He also witnessed other performances, rather coarse and repulsive—a Nautch as tedious and uninteresting as these performances usually are; and what he calls the Scinde stick dance, performed by some traders who had come from Shikarpore in that country. The climate of Herat is the boast of its inhabitants; the gardens are most productive; fruit can be eaten to any amount, innocuously; and the neighbourhood abounds in small game. Readers of Kaye's *Afghan War* will remember how Major Todd had to leave Herat, how extremely angry Lord Auckland was at

his departure, and how this gallant officer returned to his regiment the Bengal Artillery, and met with a soldier's death on the field of Ferozeshah.

The author did not attempt to "do India" at the close of his two years of wandering. But as to what he saw at Bombay, Ellora, and elsewhere, his remarks are not without value. He is rather hard on the residents of Bombay for their seeming want of hospitality, the fact being that he visited India when the old fashion of keeping open house had become expensive, and the modern system of hotels had not supplied a real want. But he stands up for the strong sense and equitable rule of the East India Company, and is ashamed of the false charges brought against the Directors at meetings where Brougham and O'Connell played the part which more feeble agitators endeavour now to imitate with less eloquence and equal mendacity and venom. In India Mr. Mitford, doubtless to the astonishment of collectors, magistrates, and commandants of the stations, persisted in travelling by horseback. He did, however, engage a servant or two and an extra pony, and he was with difficulty prevented from trying to drop down the Kistna or the Godavary in a boat to the Bay of Bengal. He was misled into thinking that a district judge had a Maharratta as well as a Persian interpreter to aid him "on points of Mussulman or Hindu law." The elderly natives whom he saw in Court nodding at each other were, of course, the Moulavi and the Pundit, who were not interpreters but exponents of the legal difficulties of their respective religions, ready to find half a dozen *Vyavasthas* or *fatwas* as the case might be, in favour of either litigant. He was unable to discover the origin of the well-known word *pagoda* or temple. The usual interpretation is that it comes from *But-kadah*, an idol temple. To the fertility of Tanjore and Trichinopoly, the garden of Southern India, as well as to the symmetry and vastness of the temple at Chillumbrum, he does full justice. We cannot tell whether he was astonished or pleased when, on arriving at his destination at Colombo, he found himself appointed a member of the Ceylon Civil Service. Never had such an appointment so severe a preliminary test, and it was doubtless as well earned as if the candidate had confronted and satisfied the *ex triplex* of a Board of rigid examiners.

THREE NOVELS.*

IT would, of course, be too much in these days to expect a regular plot in a novel. Indeed many novelists do not seem to consider it necessary to furnish themselves with even so much as a scheme for a series of mutually dependent events. Apparently a start is made without any idea of what the end is to be, and yet without the slightest misgiving that the story will not somehow contrive to tell itself. Two or three characters are taken, or in extreme cases only one, and then a number of centrifugal incidents, persons, and events are spasmodically introduced, as the story flounders on through a jungle of dialogue, description, and reflection. The three novels that form the subject of the present article are typical examples of this kind of writing. Not one of them has a properly planned story to tell, but in each case the writer seems to have been content to stumble on anyhow so long as the characters are somehow or other kept out of committing glaring acts of inconsistency. This manner of composition will be less regretted in "*Shall I Say Yes?*" and in *Mary Elwood* than in *Jill*; for it must be confessed that the two former novels do not raise much hope that even with better plots they would make any approach towards being really readable. The author of *Jill*, however, has considerable powers, which, if properly employed, might produce fiction of an average order. *Jill*—short for Gilbertina—tells her own story in the first person. She is the orphan daughter of a widowed baronet. This fact suggests an inquiry which, though perhaps of somewhat a fruitless nature, is not without a certain interest. Why do novelists deal so largely in baronets? Sometimes they are pillars of domestic virtue; sometimes they are rivals in wickedness to the wicked earl. Sometimes the vulgar character aspires to associate with them; but sometimes they are used to add colour to the low surroundings of an objectionable person. We remember seeing a character represented as striving to ascend the social ladder, and being said to have only so far succeeded as to "mix with baronets and members of the lower middle class." Undoubtedly they exercise some curious fascination for the ordinary novelist. Each of the present works has one. *Jill* describes herself as a very naughty girl, by no means of the passionate but good-hearted kind, but thoroughly ill-tempered and unamiable. When her mother dies, she travels about for a time with her father. He marries again, however, when she is about sixteen. She hates her stepmother, and, after plaguing her governesses and her stepmother without mercy, resolves to run away. *Jill* does this as much from a desire to be independent and to see the world as from any particular dread of ill-treatment. The way she manages her escape is cleverly told, as is the account of her first days in London alone. She is quite self-possessed and practical, and resolves to get herself a situation as a courier lady's-maid. After several adventures, through which we cannot follow her,

she obtains a situation with a young lady, the Hon. Kitty Mervyn, who is going to travel abroad with an aunt. Kitty Mervyn is a relation of *Jill's* family, but as they had seldom met there was no danger of discovery. Up to this point the story is fairly managed—the characters are well introduced, and the reflections bright and amusing. If, after this situation had been brought about, some kind of plot had been unfolded, and if one incident had been made to hang on to another, then all the rather clever and amusing descriptions of life in the servants' hall would have been in their place, and have had a proper reason for existence. As it is, the want of a story makes them tedious and meaningless. A writer possessed of the humour of a Thackeray, or the fun and observation of a Dickens, might make a book written in this way amusing. To do so is beyond the powers of a novelist like Miss Dillwyn, who has not more than an ordinary faculty for writing. How *Jill* travels with Miss Mervyn; how she finds out her mistress's love secret—a secret out of which nothing comes however—how mistress and maid are taken by brigands in Corsica; how *Jill* is discharged when it is discovered that she forged her "character"; how she gets another place; how she gets into a hospital and repents, and finally, how she comes into the family estate, and is able to lord it over her stepmother, are some among the many incidents which are to be found in the book. Some of them are well enough contrived, and it is to be hoped that when Miss Dillwyn writes another novel she will give us as good, but that they will be set in order and marshalled with a common purpose. To show her manner of writing, we may quote from the description of *Jill's* entry into the servants' hall when she goes to her first situation:—

My companions seemed so well inclined to be civil and to welcome me amongst them, that I began to shake off my nervousness and to think that I was going to get on swimmingly. It was evidently considered that, in the presence of a newcomer like me, the first appropriate topic of conversation to bring forward was the character of our employers, and, as every one in the room delivered his or her opinion on the subject with perfect freedom, I soon picked up a good deal of highly interesting information.

Lady Mervyn was described as being regular out-and-out worldly, a good bit more of a Turk than you would think from the quiet looks of her; a bit mean, too, and one of those ladies who go poking their noses into a larder "to see what's there pretty near every morning." I could see that the cook considered the last-mentioned custom to be highly objectionable, and an amount of surveillance which was both uncalled-for and aggravating.

The verdict on the eldest daughter was that she was "not much to look at, and a bit of a screw, but better tempered than Lady M."

The most popular member of the family was evidently Kitty, who was pronounced to be "andsome, merry, sprightly, and pleasant-spoken to both high and low. For all that, though, you can see that she'll never be satisfied without being first fiddle, or pretty near it, wherever she is, and that in 'er art she likes 'igh folks and swells better than them as isn't. She don't show 'er pride on the outside perhaps so much as some do; but it's there all the same; and you won't often find an ortier young lady go where you will. She's 'er ma's favourite, she is, and bound to marry a top-sawyer some day—she'd never be 'appy with any one as wasn't."

"*Shall I Say Yes?*" is the story of her life told in her own words by Caroline Banthurst. Now, as in the end Caroline Banthurst marries a gentleman named Somerset, and as the book purports to be written by C. Somerset, readers may, if they like, imagine that the whole narrative is true from beginning to end. For ourselves, we feel inclined to believe that even in real life it is seldom that things go on in quite such an aimless, purposeless way. The absurd ghost story at the end would tend to make a judicious reader believe that the novel was written to bring it in. Probably some lady told the author this ghost story as quite true in every particular, except that she was not quite sure whether the friend who told it to her said that Mr. ——— was sure it wasn't a dream, because he never dreamt, or because he dreamt so often, and that this was quite a different kind of impression. Some such wise authentication having, we suppose, convinced the author, she proceeded to lead up to it with what the poverty of critical language forces us to call a story, but which is in truth nothing more than a fortuitous concurrence of narrative atoms. An attempt must be made, however, to put one or two of them together. The heroine falls in love with a young guardsman, and he with her. He is engaged, however, to some one else. The guardsman's father marries again, and settles all his property on his second wife. Then the mercenary betrothed frees the guardsman, and he pledges his troth to Caroline Banthurst. Immediately he departs to Australia, has a fever in the bush, and comes back to die of some complaint which the author does not trouble to diagnose. The dying is done in the approved style of the gentler kind of novelists; the gentleman fixing with accuracy and calmness the date of his demise, although he is fit for a great deal of travelling, walking about the grounds to find his love unawares, straining her to his heart, and other symptoms of health and vigour. He dies with an intimation to his betrothed that he will communicate with her. In a year's time he does so either by forging another gentleman's hand, or else by making him write in a trance—probably by the latter means. The medium for this communication, a retired officer of the guards who has taken to astronomy and spiritualism, is by means of the letter introduced to the young lady, the ghost desiring to act the part of a matrimonial agent or marriage broker. At first the ghost is foiled by the young lady refusing to let the medium call on such a strange kind of introduction. Her brother, however, makes inquiries at his club as to the medium's respectability—we wonder how this was accomplished; did he ask the hall porter?—and, finding him above suspicion, encourages him to come to the house. "*Shall I say yes?*" is then the question which is answered in the affirmative, and Caroline

* *Jill*. By E. A. Dillwyn. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1884.

"*Shall I Say Yes?*" By C. Somerset. Remington & Co.

Mary Elwood. A Novel. 2 vols. By J. M. Barker. Remington & Co.

Banthurst becomes Caroline Somerset. Let us hope that when Mr. Somerset neglects to study the happiness of his wife that the ghost will intervene and recall him to a sense of his duty.

Mary Elwood is a novel which has a good deal to do with the school-room and the nursery, with governesses and schoolgirls and mothers of large families. Yet we could not conscientiously recommend it to such persons; for we are not unaware that, as a matter of fact, such persons as governesses, school-girls, and mothers of large families prefer a more stimulating kind of mental food, and like to read of dukes and earls and great balls and parties in luxurious country-houses, and dark captains in the guards and treacherous designing Russian princesses. Knowing this, it would not be fair to say that such a book as *Mary Elwood* was fit for the schoolroom or the nursery. The purpose of the book is to show how a girl with rather a bad temper, misunderstanding herself, fancies that she is misunderstood, till she comes to herself, and marries a missionary. There is no employment of what might be called mere literary artifice in such a motive, nor is there any pretence at finesse in working it out. The author has grouped some of the incidents in the following sentences which speak for themselves:—"Left to herself Mary drew her chair to the fire, and sat gazing into the glowing embers while she called up in review 'the changes and chances' of the year that was now drawing to a close. Her leaving home, the sad consequences of her governess's life, Effie's marriage, the complication of her brother's love affairs, Sir Humphrey's suit, and last, but by no means least, the spontaneous growth of her love for Maurice—all these rose in quick succession before her, and Mary longed for a lull in the course of events." Though Mary felt like this, the reader is never the least worried or bewildered by the course of events, for it is indeed very simple, and may be easily explained. Mary becomes a governess because she thinks she is misunderstood. The "sad results" are the love with which she inspires the fiancé of her pupil's sister. Her sister marries secretly a perfectly respectable but slightly foolish vulgar young man. Her brothers complicate matters only a very little by both making sheep's eyes at the same young person. Sir Humphrey is the inevitable baronet who simply proposes to Mary, and Maurice is the missionary. Why there need be any heart-stirrings or difficulty about the whole matter is very hard to see. The author, however, seems to have thought otherwise. We cannot advise her to write another book unless she takes the trouble to work out an ingenious and probable plot. If she could do this, her weak dialogue and vapid descriptions and reflections would not be so apparent, and she might perhaps write a tolerable novel. It is not her fault that she cannot make people talk like Dickens and moralize like George Eliot; but it is her fault that she does not construct a story that shall be worth telling.

MY MUSICAL LIFE.*

MR. HAWEIS will not, we trust, accuse us of an inharmonious or carping disposition if we dispute the fundamental proposition, with which he credits Lord Beaconsfield, that a man usually knows "more about himself than about anything else." The ancient injunction, *Nosce teipsum*, has lost nothing of its force, and is still a stern and positive obligation with every individual. It implies more than a task, arduous of undertaking; it recognizes a metaphysical difficulty which, if it had presented itself to Mr. Haweis, as it did to the infant mind of Hartley Coleridge, the present work would perhaps have no existence. The *Ego*, which is so well defined, so constant, so imposing, in the writer's perception, is multiform and Protean in the minds of others; hence, from the writer's point of view, misapprehension is inevitably his portion. Assuming, however, that Mr. Haweis possesses this requisite knowledge—although he nowhere displays the diffidence of Newton and other philosophers who attained it—and that he is competent to speak of himself with authority, we are confronted in an early portion of his book with a sentence which seems to involve the public in his esoteric self-study. He remarks:—"Those who expect to take up *My Musical Life* and find in it nothing but novelty may be disappointed to light upon more than once something which recalls *Music and Morals*."

The truth is there is little novelty of any kind in this autobiography beyond the record of the barest incidents; even its style is unfortunately no new thing, nor its taste. When the author awoke, as he tells us (page 124), to the necessity of chastening "the superb magniloquence" of his style by imitating Milton's prose, he doubtless felt a genuine misgiving. The *Arcopagitica*, however, must have presented insuperable obstacles, for nothing can be worse than the literary style of the personal recollections, unless it is the turgid confusion of the Wagnerian rhapsodies. All things, of whatever nature, are made participants in the indulgence of an insatiable self-esteem. When people are spoken of as forgetting themselves, the inference is that they are guilty of an offence against good manners. Mr. Haweis is an exception. It is only when he forgets himself and discusses the violin and its history that he is tolerable in style and in matter, and writes with knowledge and intelligence. His remarks on the restorative power of music (p. 195), on the advantages of music for the people, on the functions of accompanists, are full of good sense; the visit to Cremona and the search for the house of Stradivarius are

written with a vivid power which contrasts forcibly with the empty platitudes and laborious inflation of the Wagner *éloge*. There is also, for the reading public, much information on the development of the violin, the great makers of Brescia and Cremona, the career of Paganini, though little, indeed, that has not been said by others. The observations on strings, for instance, and "Spohr's recipe" for testing strings (p. 234), are given in old instruction-books before the violin was perfected; the so-called Spohr's recipe may be found in our own literature as far back as 1676, in *Musick's Monument*, by Thomas Mace, "of quaint and singular memory," a book worthy of the praise of Dr. Burney and Southey and of the age that knew Sir Thomas Browne.

Mr. Haweis is sufficiently scornful of English music to despise Master Thomas Mace and shake his incomparable Stradivarius in defiance of that benighted admirer of the generous viol and the noble lute. The old humorist lived in dark days, perhaps; but those wretched instruments—the viol, the lute, the theorbo, and the monstrous fifty-stringed dyphone—sufficed to inspire a charming book, full of sweetness and tenderness and simplicity. English songs are treated by Mr. Haweis as if Shield, and Arne, and Purcell had never existed; he considers Sir Arthur Sullivan a German composer because he was partly educated in Germany. In order to accentuate his laudation of Wagner he remarks "Beethoven was a musician only"; in the same spirit of detraction it might be objected that "Shakspeare was only a poet," and there may be some who would resent the imputation that he was not something more—a machinist, or carpenter, or scene-painter, or inventor of pasteboard properties, dragons, and so forth. We have no space to do full justice to Mr. Haweis's Wagnerian flights; we can only add that they are worthy of one who considers wit and humour identical, who finds Hazlitt's criticisms soporific, and who thinks the libretto of *Lohengrin* comparable to *Romeo and Juliet*.

LUARD'S EDITION OF THE *CHRONICA MAJORA* OF MATTHEW PARIS.*

THE seventh and concluding volume of the Record edition of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris contains a "Preface," which, as it prefaces nothing, may rather be called a summing-up; a copious index; a glossary; and the errata and addenda to all the volumes. Dr. Luard expresses his thankfulness at having been able to carry through his laborious work of fourteen years; and all students of mediæval history will be ready to express their thankfulness to him for having at last provided them with a trustworthy edition of the *Chronica Majora*. "It seems strange," Dr. Luard justly observes, "that it should have been left to the present time for the work of the greatest of English mediæval historians to be printed in its entirety, and really from the author's MS." But the arduous nature of the undertaking may perhaps to some extent account for this apparent neglect, though it is true that Englishmen are curiously slow to appreciate the value of their own national literature. Some insinuation to this effect seems to be conveyed when the editor speaks with gratification of the interest in his work that has been shown "in France, in Italy, in Germany, if not in England." Matthew Paris is indeed a historian of more than insular importance. It is his especial title to fame that he is our chief, and often our sole, authority for the history of the reign of Henry III. of England; but he is also "the best authority we have for much of the reign of the great Frederick, for the crusade of St. Louis, for the internal condition of Rome for several years."

Dr. Luard has already, in his prefaces to previous volumes, insisted upon the utter untrustworthiness of former printed editions of Matthew Paris. One must needs be grateful to Archbishop Parker for editing, or causing to be edited, the *Chronica Majora*; but, after a glance at Dr. Luard's "specimens of errors introduced by Parker" (vol. ii.), one cannot but marvel at the conception which the Archbishop, or whoever was employed by him, had of the duties of an editor. The most flagrant case is one where, by the alteration of two words—manifestly a deliberate and not an accidental alteration—Parker's edition coolly turns William the Conqueror from a moral into an immoral character. The mediæval names of places seem often to have been stumbling-blocks, which, however, were expeditiously cleared out of the way. Thus, when Parker or his editor did not know what place was meant by *Recordana* (which was surely excusable), "fluvium Jordanem" was substituted; and the name of "Sagitta" (Sidon) suggested a fine conjectural emendation, "ad sagittæ jactum distantem." Dr. Luard further warns philologists not to trust Du Cange's citations of Matthew Paris, which are frequently only citations of Parker, "and in many instances omit important words in the passages cited." This is a needful warning, for Matthew Paris is a writer of considerable value to philologists. Students of the New English Dictionary may have remarked that he is the first authority (filtered through Du Cange, who we are glad to see has in this case at least quoted accurately) for the name of that

* *Matthæi Parisiensis, Monachi Sancti Albani, Chronica Majora*. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College; Registry of the University; and Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge. Vol. VII. *Index. Glossary*. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, and Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: Thom & Co. 1883.

* *My Musical Life*. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

mysterious weapon the *anlace*; and we believe that he is also one of the earliest authorities for the compound *antipapa*. Such words as this last Dr. Luard has not included in the glossary, on the ground that their meaning is obvious, and that "to make a glossary of Matthew Paris so exhaustive as to embrace all words of post-classical use, or whose history for linguistic purposes is interesting, would be to compile a dictionary." He confines himself, therefore, strictly to those words which he considers require explanation, among which "*KAADMAU*," a cameo, is one of the oddest looking. "*HARACIA*, a horse of some kind," is rather vague by way of an explanation. One is tempted to conjecture that *haracis*, to which alone reference is made, is the ablative plural of *haracium*, Fr. *haras*, a stud of horses. The passage runs:—"videlicet quod de bladis, carucis, ovibus, vaccis, porcis, haracis, equis caretariis et deputatis ad wainnagium in maneriis."

In this last preface Dr. Luard gives us his matured opinion as to the original author of the compilation on which both Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris founded their histories. His decision does not come upon the reader as a novelty, because it has already appeared as a conjecture in the preface to the second volume. We need not enter into the minute points of evidence on which he founds his conclusions, which are as follows:—Abbot John of the Cell, or de Cella, twenty-first Abbot of St. Albans, who held that office from 1195 to 1214, is, he believes, the original author of the work out of which grew the *Flores* of Roger of Wendover, the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, and the compilation which goes under the name of Matthew of Westminster. This Abbot John was, previous to 1195, Prior of Wallingford; but he must be distinguished from the John of Wallingford, also a monk of St. Albans, to whom is attributed the Chronicle known under the name of Wallingford, and who died in 1258. Abbot John of the Cell, whose attainments in prosody are especially praised by Matthew Paris, appears to have composed the rimes introduced into the account of the murder of St. Kenelm:—

In clenc sub spina jacet in convalle bovina,
Vertice privatus, Kenelmus rege creatus;

and it is curious that he died on St. Kenelm's day. He brought the work down as far as 1188, from which date Roger of Wendover took it up, partly copying, partly rewriting and enlarging what already existed, and adding a continuation to 1235 which is entirely his own. Matthew Paris had the original compilation copied out again in St. Albans, correcting it with his own hand, and making additions and alterations. He then proceeded to treat Wendover's work in the same manner, giving it, as is well known, in dealing with the reigns of John and Henry III., his own decided colouring. The next step was to continue the work from where Wendover broke off to the year 1250. After this point the literary history of Matthew Paris's *Chronicles* becomes complicated. As was the case with William of Malmesbury before him, Matthew grew more cautious or more charitable as he grew older. Accordingly he softened down some of his most cutting remarks about Henry III. and Archbishop Boniface, and even about the mendicant orders; "but still," observes the editor, "there is quite enough in his latest recension to entitle him to the praise of being the most outspoken of historians." In this milder form he carried on his history to 1253, when he turned aside to write the abridgment known as the *Historia Minor*. In his later years he again took up his larger work, and continued it to the year of his death, 1259. This, in brief, is Dr. Luard's account of the composition of the *Chronica Majora*.

Although this chief work of Matthew Paris has only since the publication of the present edition been fully and accurately known, still the earlier editions, imperfect as they are, have made the style and character of Matthew Paris so familiar to all students that we need not dwell upon them. Dr. Luard speaks with justice of his "vividness and picturesqueness of description," his "honesty of purpose," "the fearless character of his writing," and the evidence it gives of keen observation. Every one who has read him will have some favourite among his many well-told stories; for our own part, we have always delighted in the account of the imperfect repentance of Falkes de Breauté, King John's ruffianly captain of mercenaries, of whom Scott's Maurice de Bracy is a very much softened copy. There is something irresistibly comical in the picture of Falkes going solemnly and elaborately through his self-imposed penance, even to the enduring of an ecclesiastical flogging—which it is to be supposed did not hurt him very much—to the edification and delight of the brethren of St. Albans, and then turning round upon them with the statement that he had done all this to please his wife, who had pious fears for him, but that, if they supposed he was ever going to give back any of the property of which he had despoiled St. Albans, they were mightily mistaken.

We are glad to see that Dr. Luard makes a stout defence of the general trustworthiness of Matthew Paris, and that he is able to bring evidence of the truth of his statements in some cases where they have been doubted:—

The account, which he [Matthew Paris] has introduced into Wendover's history, of John's embassy to the emir of Morocco, which has been treated by many writers as entirely fabulous, is proved to be at least probable by finding that one of the envoys mentioned by Paris (Thomas of Herdington) was employed on an embassy to Rome in this very year, and that the Pope comments on his absence from Rome; the speech of archbishop Hubert on John's election to the crown (another introduction), on which doubt has been thrown, is distinctly referred to by Louis in his declaration against John in 1216; the mention of the alienation of many of the Apulian nobles

from Frederick II. is illustrated by a letter of Innocent IV. recently discovered at Subiaco, excusing the monastery from aiding in their support.

Before concluding, we must add to our other reasons for gratitude that Dr. Luard has given us an index which, as far as we have been able to test it, seems to be of unusual excellence and fulness. Indeed, in every respect the result of his labour of fourteen years seems to be well worthy of the time and pains bestowed in its production.

THE PRINCESS NOBODY.*

THE combination of names on the title-page of this little book is calculated to raise very high expectations. Apart from the interest which attaches to the work of the most original artist so lately taken from among us, it is curious to note the connecting link between two generations of fairy-tale writers. Doyle illustrated Thackeray in his youth. From the expression "after" on the title-page, it would seem that Mr. Lang has, so to speak, written up to Doyle's drawings; but we can hardly imagine anything more inspiring than such designs would prove to any one who ever undertook to fascinate a party of children with the magic words, "Once upon a time." To Mr. Lang, with his unrivalled knowledge of what has been done in all ages and in all countries in the way of story-telling, the task must have been easy, and we open the volume with the highest anticipations of enjoyment and the certain knowledge that no hidden allegory will lurk beneath the pictures, no moral lie in wait for us at the end, but that we shall read something to remind us of the sweet days—let us say, some years ago, when first the "Invisible Prince" revealed himself to our delighted eyes, and when the abundant hospitality of the "White Cat" first taught us the connexion between the Beautiful and the Good. In this hope we are not disappointed. There is a freshness in Mr. Lang's story that well matches the freshness of Doyle's drawings; and for once we lay down a modern fairy-tale wishing there was more of it. We linger over the last few lines:—

"There lived a King once and a Queen,
As few there are, as more have been."
Ah, still we love the well-worn phrase,
Still love to tread the ancient ways,
To break the fence, to thread the maze,
To see the beauty we have seen,
Au Temps jadis!

Charming as is the story, the pictures are the chief attraction of the book. Some are in tints and some are in colour. The first shows a little fairy sitting on a bough; near her is a horned owl, looking very sleepy, as owls should look in a fairy-tale; and the fairy pulls one of his long ears. There is not much in it, but it is irresistibly comic. The same may be said of a majority of the illustrations. They seem to culminate, as it were, in the pictures of the little Prince and Princess playing round a gigantic mushroom, and finally kissing each other over the top. It is not easy to give in words any idea of the quality of the lamented artist's work. It stands by itself in English art. Doyle was not a great painter, and had no great eye for colour. Perhaps he might have excelled in landscape. But in a style of decorative work, for it is nothing less, which he may be said to have invented, and the tradition of which seems to be carried on by Miss Kate Greenaway, he will long remain unrivalled. Some of his early illustrations in *Punch*, and especially his mockeries of the Gothic revival and high art, are simply amazing in the power of expression which he contrived to exercise by the use of a few lines. As a serious book-illustrator he and his friend Thackeray were very much on a par, which is not saying much for either of them; but in anything requiring the undefinable quality of funniness he never failed. The adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are only equalled by the illustrations to Thackeray's Prize Novels. The contrast between the two phases of his art is best seen, perhaps, in the cuts to the *Newcomes*. The large plates are exaggerated and unreal; but the initials and the occasional tail-pieces are beyond praise. If we open a volume at random, the unhappy Lady Clara Newcome, and Lord Highgate bending over her, are insipid and incomplete; but turn back a page or two, and see Lady Kew selling her granddaughter's hand by auction in an initial C, or turn a page or two forward, and see a crocodile weeping in a cemetery, and it is impossible not to admire. The pictures in *Princess Nobody* are, of course, of a very different class. They aim solely at lightness and ease, and succeed. The lovely birds and butterflies, the sweet little elves, the graceful dances, and the occasional introduction of an incident of pure fun, are calculated to give the keenest pleasure, not to children only, but to any one of any age whose mind is not too much warped to allow him to enjoy innocent nonsense.

ELWES'S SPINOZA.*

IT is a good sign of increasing interest in philosophy that we have here not only a substantially complete English version of Spinoza, but a version in such a form as puts it within the reach of all readers who can buy books at all. Mr. Elwes has wisely

* *The Princess Nobody*. By Andrew Lang, after the drawings by Richard Doyle. London: Longmans & Co.

The Chief Works of Benedict de Spinoza. Translated from the Latin, with an Introduction by R. H. M. Elwes. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1884.

not followed the example of Mr. Max Müller a while ago, whose translation of Kant's *Kritik* was brought out on a scale of size and costliness that made it practically inaccessible to the majority of working students. This is not an ornamental book for the library-shelf, but a handy practical companion for the writing-table. Wisely, again, Mr. Elwes has limited himself to a modest and concise introduction. He has resisted all temptations to expansive rhetoric or the display of his own learning, and has strictly confined himself to giving such information and guidance as a person seriously minded to make acquaintance with Spinoza's text may reasonably expect to find in the same volume with the text itself. And this is very well given, briefly and to the point, without being meagre. Evidently Mr. Elwes has made a careful study of the literature of the subject, and has been at much pains to select, with the art which conceals art, the matter most useful for his purpose. The only mistake we have found in the introduction is a minute one. Spinoza's early treatise of God and Man (*Korte Verhandeling*) was discovered in our own time, not "in two Dutch versions," but in two MS. copies of the same version, exhibiting indeed considerable differences, of which the nature and import have been thoroughly discussed by Sigwart and others. As this treatise has never been done into English at all, we regret that it was not included in Mr. Elwes's work. To say that it is "of no philosophic value compared with the *Ethics*," is going rather far; at any rate, the historical interest, which Mr. Elwes justly notes, would have been a sufficient reason for including it. At present the most generally useful form in which it is accessible to English readers is M. Paul Janet's French version. The Latin one, published in 1862 by the late Dr. van Vloten, cannot now be relied on in details, critical comparison of the two MSS. having shown that in many places it does not adequately represent the Dutch text, which itself is a more or less faithful representation of the lost Latin original.

Once or twice, perhaps, we may detect in Mr. Elwes a slight panegyric bias. We do not think that "disinclination to disturb the faith of the unlearned" was the principal cause of Spinoza's objection to a Dutch version of the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* being published in his lifetime; and we are not sure that, if it had been so, it would have been so laudable a motive as it is commonly assumed to be. On any rational view of theology and philosophy, a faith that will not bear disturbance is not good for much. But if we have rightly read his letters, Spinoza's feeling in these matters was in the main the same as Hume's. He wanted to make his ideas known among the limited number of people who could appreciate them, but he did not want to give handles for personal controversy. Life being short (and he probably well knew that his own could not be a long one), he thought it better spent in working out his own philosophy with as little interruption as might be than in defending himself at every turn against the polemical amenities of seventeenth-century divines. The same motive is apparent in Spinoza's refusal of the chair of philosophy offered him at Heidelberg. On the other hand, Mr. Elwes has formed a strictly just estimate of Spinoza's qualities as a writer. Not even the most enthusiastic of Spinozists could maintain that the *Ethics* or the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* are literature in the same sense as the work of Berkeley or even Hobbes. It was a necessity for Spinoza to write in Latin, and his command of Latin was sufficient, but no more than sufficient, for his purposes:—"His sentences are grammatical, and his meaning almost always clear. But his vocabulary is restricted; his style is wanting in flexibility, and seldom idiomatic; in fact, the niceties of scholarship are wanting. He reminds one of a clever workman who accomplishes much with simple tools." We may add that the autograph Latin letters of Spinoza preserved in the Royal Society's Library and elsewhere go to show that he wrote Latin with a certain effort, and not always correctly in the first instance. The published text exhibits, as compared with the autograph sent to Oldenburg, and now in the possession of the Royal Society along with the rest of Oldenburg's correspondence, a great number of minute variations which can only be due to subsequent revision by Spinoza himself.

As to the translation, Mr. Elwes has fairly earned the credit of putting English readers, for the first time, in real possession of Spinoza's chief works. The *Ethics*, Letters, and *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* were indeed translated, after a sort, by the late Dr. Willis; but those performances could not be accepted as final or even tolerable. There exists a nearly contemporary version of the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, which, however, is not generally accessible; and a recent one of the *Ethics* alone, by Mr. Hale White, which we believe is a meritorious piece of work, though we cannot speak positively of it. The fragment "De Intellectus Emendatione"—by no means without importance in connexion with the general plan of the *Ethics* and otherwise—had not been dealt with by any previous translator. Mr. Elwes has not aimed at anything beyond a simple reproduction of the sense in intelligible English of our own day. We think the ideal version of Spinoza would avoid all specially modern philosophical terms. For example, we do not much like "conditioned" for *determinatus*. The word savours too much of controversies in matter altogether foreign to Spinoza's habit of mind. Neither are we quite content with "modification" for *affectio*, which we must admit to be a most troublesome word in Spinoza's usage. A contemporary version would have been best; and a version in the English of Spinoza's own time—the language of English philosophy, such as it was in the hands of Hobbes and Locke—would even now be possible. But artifices which are a pastime to the translator of a page or two may be a

grievous burden to the translator of a book; and only a small proportion of readers care for them even if they are successful. We cannot blame Mr. Elwes for not having followed counsels of perfection. There is often something rather dry and stiff about Mr. Elwes's language, but that is more the fault of the original than of the translator; and the sense, as far as we have tested the work, is very seldom otherwise than correctly given. At one slip, indeed, we are surprised; in Ep. 74 the present-perfect *novi* is twice translated by the past tense "I knew." This must not be taken for a fair specimen of Mr. Elwes's work. Of course "*ipse quendam Judam novi*" does not mean "I myself knew one Judah" (if it did, the words would really imply, as one author has thought, that Spinoza was born and brought up in Spain, and there saw the person mentioned), but "there is within my knowledge the case of one Judah."

But in the main Mr. Elwes has kept himself very free from mistakes, and we do not think a student who trusted him would ever be led seriously wrong. In the Letters a few cross references and explanatory notes on persons are added. These are good and useful as far as they go. We think Mr. Elwes need not have been afraid of giving a few more. Thus in Ep. 29 Rab Ghasdai (Chasdai Creskas, a mediæval Jewish doctor, to the bearing of whose work on Spinoza's attention has been called by Dr. Joel and Professor Land) is left unidentified. It is unfortunate that the second volume of the standard edition of the original text published by the Spinoza Committee in Holland has appeared just too late to be used by Mr. Elwes, as it not only for the first time gives the Letters in a complete and critically revised form, but rearranges them in an improved order, and in several cases adds to or corrects our previous information as to Spinoza's correspondents, the names of whom were as often as not purposely suppressed, and other indications struck out or disguised, by the editors of the *Opera Posthuma*. This, however, is no fault of Mr. Elwes. And if his serviceable and scholarly work becomes as familiar to students of philosophy as it ought to be, there may yet be an opportunity of bringing these points up to the level of the Dutch edition. By the way, Spinoza's letters on omens, presentiments, and ghosts may at this season be conveniently recommended to the Psychical Society as examples of the method of scientific scepticism which that body professes and does not practise. We use the word in its proper sense of unbiassed but vigilant indifference, not the much-abused modern sense of bias towards a negative conclusion.

ENGLAND UNDER GLADSTONE.*

IT must be a very ill-tempered or a very ill-informed reader who takes up Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's *England under Gladstone* (the advanced political feeling of Ireland probably did not permit him to insert the usual Mr.) expecting to find in it anything else than an effort *de circonstance*. The qualifications of Irish members are diverse, and it is much to Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's credit that he has chosen this particular one. The "rattle of the slugs on the road" is, of course, one; and Irish opinion is kind enough to accept, instead of actual participation in this amusement, a term of imprisonment for having favoured, instigated, or defended those who rattle the slugs. "The youngest gentleman in company," as the wits of the gallery have dubbed Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, might have chosen this, or he might have chosen the method of accusing Castle officials of unmentionable offences. But this also, it would seem, is not agreeable to him. He has perhaps recognized his inability, or, to put it more charitably, has probably been able to overcome his repugnance, to compete with Mr. Biggar or Mr. O'Brien in vulgar abuse. But it is a tradition that Irish patriots are very literary, and in this tradition Mr. McCarthy Junior has seen his way. It would be cruel to criticize this diploma piece as if it were an independent literary effort. To despatch it with accuracy and politeness, it may be said that Mr. McCarthy *filis* bears to Mr. McCarthy *père* about the same relation as a politician and history-writer as Mr. McCarthy *père* bears to Thucydides. For this sentence Mr. McCarthy *filis* ought to be grateful to us; for it affords a legitimate opportunity to any Irish gentleman of a sanguine imagination to say that the *Saturday Review* has compared Mr. McCarthy *filis*, Mr. McCarthy *père*, and Thucydides. We have; there is no doubt of it.

Still, now that he has entered, for the second time by the way, into competition with Thucydides, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy may perhaps be "the better of" a few hints. We find on his second page an indulgence in picturesque Macaulayese which we cannot praise. "In a few minutes," says Mr. McCarthy, speaking of the 8th of March, 1880, "the tidings were borne by a thousand wires to every electorate in the kingdom. It was computed, for the benefit of those who love the small statistics of great events, that some seven hundred and twenty telegrams were wired from the House of Commons on that night." But how, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, can you wire seven hundred and twenty telegrams on a thousand wires? It is no doubt within the easy resources of science to send a thousand telegrams by seven hundred and twenty wires, or a much less number. Did they send the telegrams in duplicate by different routes? Again, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy will find that D'Artagnan by no means ended his life "at Malplaquet" with the marshal's bâton in his hand. It was quite elsewhere,

* *England under Gladstone, 1880-1884.* By Justin Huntly McCarthy. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

as some writers say. When Mr. McCarthy in his literary obituaries gives Dr. Kenealy a page, and dismisses Mr. Planché with the remark that "literature of a certain kind lost J. R. Planché," he shows that he is very young indeed. It would be well, too, that Mr. McCarthy should know how to spell Lord Erne's name, and though, if he considers Dean Stanley a "great thinker," it is quite right of him to say so, the statement can hardly be considered to establish Mr. McCarthy's abilities as a judge of great thinking. Why should Mr. McCarthy say that what happened on the 6th of May in the Phoenix "would seem to be impossible if it were not terribly true"? Why should assassinations seem impossible in the land of assassination? Our author is a young politician, and very likely in 1882 he was thinking of something quite different from politics. But if he will look at contemporary records, he will find that the amendment which Mr. Gladstone accepted in the Arrears Bill was by no means a "trifling amendment which scarcely altered anything." That, at least, was not the view taken by Mr. McCarthy's friends beforehand. When Mr. McCarthy says that the Kilmainham Treaty "allows Mr. Forster to figure, like Rogue Riderhood, as an honest man," he uses a comparison which, we fear, figures himself as something not of course dishonest, but certainly *malhonnête*. It is a pity that keeping bad company should have had such an effect as this on the literary manners of an apparently hopeful and well-meaning young person. That Mr. McCarthy deserves this last description is evident from a little slip which he has made in his character of youthful Nationalist, and which we shall cruelly notice, though it will do him, we fear, but little service "beyond Athlone." In talking of Tel-el-Kebir, "our troops," says Mr. McCarthy, "marched out against Arabi"; and he tells the story of the capture of the entrenchments and the march to Cairo with quite a martial enthusiasm. Certainly he has a right to call them "our troops"; but it is exactly the right which his Nationalist friends, who were putting up prayers to their very motley and dubious gods all the time for Arabi's success, will, we fear, repudiate. Let us, however, take it as a sign of grace in Mr. McCarthy, and that being so, take no more notice of his rather unfortunate book. Youth is not a very great fault—at any rate it is one which is very commonly repented of—and bad company is pardonable when the victim does not wantonly choose it for himself. A very great improvement in his political and historical models, a development of that real nationalism (with a small *n*) which made him talk of "our troops," and a hearty blush when he thinks some years hence of his language in reference to Mr. Forster, are the best wishes with which we can take leave of him. After all, may not any Englishman of a literary turn, but of better fortune than Mr. McCarthy, say, "There but for the grace of God goes — — —"?

DURUY'S HISTORY OF ROME.*

THE want of a good general history of Rome is a great blot upon the historical scholarship of the day, and it is high time that some one should do for the Imperial City what Grote and others have done for Greece. The enormous labour of such an undertaking has probably deterred authors from attempting it, but there are men living—at least there is one man—who could accomplish the task with equal erudition and greater literary skill, though perhaps with less impartiality, than were displayed by Grote. But Herr Mommsen has stopped short just where the history of Rome becomes the history of the world, where, if the historical interest to a certain extent declines, the political importance of the Roman Empire begins. Here in England, a country which has done at least its fair share in elucidating the history of Greece, we are very badly off for histories of Rome. We have to put up with foreign works, or—excepting Dean Merivale—with mere school books in our own language, and the want of a general history is seriously felt.

It is doubtless the recognition of this want which has led Professor Mahaffy to undertake an English edition of a popular French work by an author already known for his successful labours on the history of his own country. M. Duruy's work, in the original, extends from the beginning of Rome to the adoption of Christianity. The portion now before us, consisting of two good-sized volumes of over eight hundred pages, comprises the history of the Republic "from the Battle of Zama to the end of the First Triumvirate," a period of about a hundred and forty years. The imposing appearance of the book is, however, a little deceptive, for much space is occupied by illustrations. These volumes do not appear to contain more matter than the corresponding portion of Mommsen's work, which cannot be said to be superseded by its new rival in the field. M. Duruy's own style, though clear and fluent, is not striking, and the translation is certainly inferior to that of the German work. It would be hard to find in Mr. Dickson's pages anything which savours so strongly of German as the following passage does of French:—"Greece, which had been the great political school of the world, desired, after passing through all phases, and as if to leave nothing untried, to also make the essay of representative government" (p. 195); or this:—"Cato conquered, Cato the object of scandal, and saying publicly that he could not understand how it was possible for two augurs

to look at each other without laughing" (p. 373); or:—"They (the nobles) alone in the Senate and in all public functions; below them a populace easy to alarm by the Cretan archers, or to gratify by games and distributions; such was their short-sighted policy." Nothing is more to be deprecated, in the interests of English prose, than the effect of such writing as this on the young student who is just learning the use of his mother-tongue.

The history of the period treated of by M. Duruy in these volumes falls naturally into three main sections—the conquest of the world, the change of manners, religion, &c. which this conquest entailed in Rome itself, and the constitutional struggle which was the consequence of these events. Of the first of these revolutions, the Expansion of Rome, as it may be called, M. Duruy gives a clear and, on the whole, satisfactory account. The supremacy of Rome on the shores of the Mediterranean, except in the south-east, was practically established during this epoch, and M. Duruy narrates the conquest of Spain, Africa, Greece, and Asia Minor with spirit and perspicuity. It is a pity, as Professor Mahaffy justly remarks in a note (p. 11), that the author did not spend more time on the Achaean and Etolian Leagues, those last flickers of political genius in Greece. The constitution of the latter is disposed of in less than half a page, and it is, to say the least of it, a little misleading to remark that "the Achaeans were of the aristocratic, the Etolians of the popular faction." The destruction of Carthage is an episode which, in the hands of a writer possessing imagination and descriptive power, is capable of brilliant treatment, but it comes out poorly in M. Duruy's pages. No event in history gives a more impressive idea of that fanatical Semitic self-devotion to which Herr von Ranke has more than once called attention in his *History of the World*; but in reading M. Duruy's account of the defence we are left cold. There is nothing to show that in this terrible death-grapple the East and West were face to face, and a grand opportunity for displaying one of the most marked contrasts of national character is almost entirely lost. This want of vividness and picturesqueness, which arises from a lack of historical sympathy, is to be noted in M. Duruy's account of Jugurtha, of Sertorius, and even of Mithridates, though in the latter it is perhaps less remarkable than elsewhere. On the other hand, his reflections on the general results of these conflicts are often to the point and suggestive. For instance, in speaking of the destruction of Carthage, he says (p. 146):—

If the historic circumstances were such that one of the two cities must perish, we ought not to regret that Rome was victorious. What progress does humanity owe to Carthage? . . . If there had been left to us of Rome nothing but the inscriptions on her tombs, we should have been able from them to reconstruct her civil and military organization, her philosophy and her religion, while the funeral columns of Carthage reveal nothing but a sterile devotion. The heritage left to the world by Carthage is this; the memory of a brilliant commercial success, of a cruel religion, of some bold explorations, a few fragments of voyages, a few agricultural precepts, of which the Latins had no need; and, lastly, the honour of having for a century retarded the destinies of Rome, with the generous example, at their last hour, of an entire people refusing to survive their country.

This, if not remarkably original, is at any rate true. One of the best portions of M. Duruy's work appears to us to be his sketch of the provincial organization under the Republic (chap. xxxiv.) Not to enter into details, the only fault we have to find with it is that it is too elaborate to suit the taste of the ordinary reader, while it is not full or minute enough to satisfy the thorough student. As, however, the same doubt arises in our mind with respect to the whole work—namely, for what class of readers it is exactly intended—we need not further call attention to it here. Apart from this, the chapter is excellent, clearly arranged, and, as far as it goes, correct. In speaking of the provincial assemblies which might, had they been duly fostered, have had so important a future, M. Duruy says very pregnantly (p. 200), "The question well deserved to be studied and determined, for had the Empire been better organized, there would have been no Middle Ages."

The sketch of the provincial system, which should be compared with an eloquent account of the state of the provinces in the time of Verres (chap. xlv.), is immediately followed by two interesting chapters on Hellenism in Rome, and the changes in political and social life which occurred about the time of the Gracchi. In these chapters the illustrations, which are so lavishly strewn over the entire work, are more acceptable than elsewhere. At the risk of being charged with ingratitude, we must confess to a slight feeling, both of resentment and suspicion, whenever we come upon a work of this kind, which ought, if it is worth anything, to be able to dispense with such adventitious aids, and which aims at popularity by a copious use of the engraver's art. Unless well kept in control, illustrations in a serious historical work are apt to become mere superfluities, needlessly increasing the cost of production, distracting the reader's attention, and giving a spurious importance to what are after all nothing more than archeological details. That this is the case with the great majority of illustrations in the volumes before us appears certain. In treating of art or culture, such helps to the imagination are, of course, not only permissible but almost indispensable; but they are of little or no use in treating of political history—that is, in nine-tenths of an ordinary historical work. Of what use is it, for instance, to adorn the page on which the battle of Pydna is narrated with the statue of "The Victory of Samothrace," or the sketch of the political condition of Greece in 200 B.C. with coins of Athens, Corinth, and Argos, or the organization of a Roman province with a Pompeian picture representing the "Triumph of Amphitrite"? The merest hint in the text appears sufficient pretext for introducing an illustration, whether appropriate or not. The engravings are, for

* *History of Rome and the Roman People*. By Victor Duruy. Edited by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy. Vol. II. Parts 1 and 2. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

the most part, excellent in themselves, especially those of the more famous statues—e.g. that of the Silenus and infant Bacchus (p. 283), or the Venus of Cnidus (p. 348); but there are exceptions, as the wounded Gaul (p. 71), and the Hercules (p. 442), which are obviously the work of a 'prentice hand. Good and bad alike, however, they are constantly open to the objection that they have nothing to do with the text, except in the chapters alluded to above, where copious illustration is legitimate and praiseworthy.

It is in the third division of the subject, the political conflicts and constitutional changes within the walls of Rome herself, and in his drawing of the principal characters that emerge during the last century of the Republic, that M. Duruy is, to our minds, least satisfactory. Constitutional history has the reputation of being hopelessly dull, and the frequent and often obscure revolutions which preceded the establishment of the Empire in Rome are not easily rendered palatable to the ordinary reader. Still, a writer who comes forward with M. Duruy's pretensions ought not to shrink from being thorough, and thoroughness can hardly be predicated of the account given in these volumes of the Gracchan revolution, for instance, or the reforms of Livius Drusus, or even of the Syllan constitution. But, to pass by these details, we should have expected that M. Duruy, in speaking of the Agrarian Law of T. Gracchus, would have had something more to say than this:—"This was the original law of Licinius Stolo, which no legal act had ever abolished" (p. 402). The bearing of the Gracchan law is by no means so simple and straightforward a question as this statement would imply; but, instead of further explanations, we are treated to drawings of "Patrician Sandals" and a figure of a "Vestal Virgin." Equally unsatisfactory is the account of the opposition made by M. Livius Drusus to C. Gracchus. The measures proposed by the former are dismissed in about ten lines. We should have nothing to say about this treatment in a school history of one volume, but in a work of this character we have a right to expect something more serious. The difficult questions connected with the Lex Thoria are dismissed in the following summary fashion:—"The tribune Thorius carried a law that the public domain should not be further divided, and that the holders should retain possession by the payment of a tax, the proceeds of which should be distributed among the people. This was, in effect, a poor-law" (p. 443). Of course it was; and so were all the *Leges Agrariæ* and the *Leges Frumentariæ*, &c., which were so frequent during this epoch; but we are not much better off for this information. Although the reforms of Sylla are treated on a somewhat fuller scale, ten pages are hardly sufficient for an examination of the most extraordinary reaction ever carried through by any legislator; and we look in vain for a portrait of the man himself at all comparable with the marvellous picture of him which is presented to us by the great German historian. We should have expected M. Duruy to estimate the character of Pompey differently from Mommsen; and we are quite willing to allow that the latter is unfair to Caesar's rival. M. Duruy remarks, with perfect truth, that "No man preserves for forty years the grand position that Pompey made for himself in early youth unless he is in some way superior to his fellow-citizens" (p. 734); but, if the impression made by Mommsen's attack upon him is to be effaced, it must be by the presentation of a more vivid portrait than that given us by M. Duruy. It is well, certainly, to have the other side supported; we can only regret that it is not supported more forcibly. But we could hardly have expected it from an author who is content with such commonplace as the following:—"Servitude, like hot summer weather drying up the falling rivers, dries up the springs of life in Republican States" (p. 8); or this:—"Genius is like the sacred fire in the temple, it survives even under ruins" (p. 148). On the whole, although we are grateful to Professor Mahaffy for having introduced to the English public a foreign work of considerable merit, we cannot feel that M. Duruy has added much to our knowledge or understanding of Rome.

TWELVE TALES FROM CHAUCER.*

IT is rather curious that Mr. Pitt Taylor does not notice in his preface the strongest argument against his book—the argument manfully, if not quite successfully, met by Dryden in the famous preface to his own Chaucerian versions. With that argument—that the modernizing of a classic like Chaucer is in itself a desecration and a crime—we do not propose to meddle; for it is ill battling with John Dryden. But it is very noteworthy that Mr. Pitt Taylor, while he notices neither argument nor vindication, nor indeed refers to the *Fables*, joins Dryden in assuming as a thing not likely to be denied or doubted that it is for most people a question of Chaucer modernized or Chaucer not at all. Now there are said to be some persons, not ill qualified to speak, who maintain that the supposed difficulty of Chaucer is a mere delusion. Boys of no instruction whatever in old English, and without any special philological faculty, have certainly been known to read Chaucer in unmodernized editions without any apparent difficulty and with immense delight. However, it is clear that, in the nature of things, any person who has thus read Chaucer is disqualified from giving an opinion. We must go to the people who do find him difficult, and ask what they think. Probably

Mr. Pitt Taylor is right in regard to their opinion, if not to the fact. If this is so, there is no question as to the legitimacy of the proceeding, and the persons who have no difficulty, and never had any difficulty, in reading Chaucer, though they may pity and even slightly despise those who have, or think they have, such difficulty, ought not to grudge them the process of modernizing which opens the pleasant country to their tender feet and shaly limbs.

This preliminary question out of the way, there is little more to be said against Mr. Pitt Taylor, except that he has in some places Bowdlerized with a too desperate hook. For instance, the omission bodily of the lines in the *Wife of Bath's Tale* describing the offence which brought the knight into jeopardy makes the story unintelligible. But the truth is that we have little care to quarrel with an attempt to introduce fresh readers to Chaucer. Those whom it induces to dare greatly, and to discover for themselves that it does not require the wit of a Bacon or a Shakespeare to discern that "rote" means "root" and "corage" "courage" will have cause to bless Mr. Pitt Taylor heartily; and those who are still afraid that Chaucer's English may bite them will, at any rate, have been introduced in pleasant readable verse to a dozen charming stories and to an atmosphere of thought and phrase which cannot fail to do them good. Their hap is the better that the modernizer has kept as closely as possible to his original. It should also be said that he has sat at the feet of the latest authorities in compiling his notes, and disarms the small but fierce party of the extreme modern Chaucerians (some of whom deny the right of any man that believes in *The Court of Love* to read Chaucer at all) by invocations of Mr. Skeat, Mr. Furnivall, and Dr. Morris.

Mr. Pitt Taylor's "twelve" is a baker's dozen of that generous variety which used to be common in the selling of hot-cross buns, for he gives not only Twelve Tales (*The Knight, The Man of Laws, The Prioress, The Monk, The Nun's Priest, The Doctor, The Pardoner, The Wife of Bath, The Clerk, The Second Nun, The Canon's Yeoman, and The Manciple*), but the General Prologue, and the Prologue to *The Canon's Yeoman*. Of course this list will suggest to any student of Chaucer that the humorous side of the master is somewhat inadequately represented, and, equally of course, the reflection will accompany this that in the circumstances it could not be helped. A modernization of Chaucer, conducted on the principles which alone justify such a modernization, can never show the greatest of all *fabliau*-writers in the most characteristic and racy developments of the *fabliau*. But some of the lighter and most of the more serious and pathetic graces of the *Canterbury Tales* are visible enough in this version, which, it cannot be too often repeated, must be looked upon not with the eyes of those who know Chaucer, but with the eyes of those who do not. The latter will find pleasant pasture in Mr. Pitt Taylor, and if the gods have made them in any way poetical, they will pretty certainly be drawn through Mr. Pitt Taylor to Chaucer himself by such passages as the magnificent Temple of Mars (very fairly given here, despite the terribly trying remembrance not only of Chaucer, but of Dryden), and the most moving and gratifying history of the peril and escape of Chanticleer. Perhaps, as we have said, such an introduction ought not to be required; but in days when the cleverest dialect novel is reported to have little chance beside stupid books written in slovenly current English, it very possibly is.

A HISTORY OF PRUSSIA.*

ALTHOUGH Carlyle in the first of his many volumes on Frederic the Great gives a series of whimsical pictures of the margraves of the Ascanian and Hohenzollern lines, he makes no attempt to trace the domestic history of the state over which they ruled. Indeed, a study of his work by itself would lead the reader to look on his hero, or at best on his hero's father, as the founder of the system which produced the wonderful results he describes. With a truer appreciation of the nature of the work accomplished by even the most capable rulers than is altogether compatible with hero-worship, Professor Tuttle has treated the history of Prussia as one of continuous political development and of preparation for the work of Frederic the Great. Without neglecting the various steps, the wars and treaties, by which the mark of Brandenburg gradually grew into the Prussian kingdom, he has treated these matters rather as they bear on the education of the state than on its mere historical expansion, and has reviewed this education as far as possible, considering the size of his book, on its social as well as its political side. Pursuing these lines, he has produced a work which we heartily welcome as a valuable contribution by an American scholar to our store of historical literature. His book, however, is unfortunately somewhat heavily written; the style is in parts curiously sententious, and there is an absence of all biographical, and indeed of all picturesque, detail before the reign of the Great Elector. Nor are his sketches of early society and institutions by any means so good as his work on the later period of the history. A lax use of terms of special significance makes it hard to see what meaning some of his sentences are intended to convey. To say, for example, in speaking of primitive German society, that "the manor was the domestic and social stronghold of the free-man," is open to a double objection; for there are no manors

* *Twelve Tales from Chaucer*. By Frank Pitt Taylor. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

* *History of Prussia*. By H. Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1884.

in primitive society, and the homestead of the mark-man, which may be described as his "stronghold," does not answer to a manor. With the Emperor Lothar's grant of the North Mark, or the Mark of Brandenburg, to Albert the Bear in 1134 begins the historical importance of the affairs of the state that has grown into the Prussian kingdom, the head of the German Empire. In his conquests from the Wends Albert was helped by allies from Holland and Zealand. Hearing that many people of those parts had been made homeless by the breaking in of the ocean, he sent to Utrecht, bidding them to come and settle in his new land. To the settlements thus formed the cities of the Elbe owed their prosperity, and in some cases their very foundation. Mr. Tuttle does not seem to have consulted Helmold, the writer of the "Chronicles of the Slavs," for himself on the subject of these colonies. Had he done so, he would scarcely have described the cities of the Hollanders as belonging to a distinct class from those of Wendish origin; for, while the chronicler certainly speaks of the colonists as building "cities and churches," he expressly states that an exceeding number of them were settled "in uribus et oppidis Sclavorum." A second-hand acquaintance with original sources, to be inferred from one or two other slight indications, probably accounts to some extent for the want of life we have already noticed in the earlier portion of this History. The government of the Ascanian margraves, as the successors of Albert are called, after the home of their race, was for the most part of the ordinary feudal type. One constitutional crisis breaks the monotony of their history. In 1280 the vassals of the then reigning margrave forced him to promise that no extraordinary tax should be levied without their consent. A permanent grant (*bitte*) was arranged, and a committee of four knights was appointed to decide on what occasions the margrave might lawfully ask the estates for a larger amount. The need of money implied by this compact chiefly arose from the constant division of authority between the members of the reigning house. This custom, commemorated in a legend of twenty margraves meeting on a hill to bewail their poverty, led to mortgages of the revenues arising from the domains, to the consequent depression of the peasantry, and to the exemption of the nobles from their proper share in the public burdens. At the same time the weakness of the rulers and the consequent disorder in the state indirectly strengthened the towns, which now began to form leagues for mutual defence. During the hundred years which followed the extinction of the Ascanian line, while the mark passed first to the Bavarians and then to the House of Luxemburg, these changes attained their full development.

With the mortgage of Brandenburg by Sigismund to Frederic of Nuremberg, Mr. Tuttle enters on the longer and more valuable part of his book. He points out the importance of the history of Frederic, soon to be elector and margrave, over the confederate nobles at Freisack, and of the humiliation of Berlin by his son, as the two first steps towards curbing the independence of their subjects. Defended by the House Ordinance of Albert Achilles from the weakness arising from such divisions as were made by the Ascanians, the electors steadily increased their power; bringing, for example, a long struggle over the beer-tax, naturally a fruitful source of revenue, to a triumphant issue by levying it as "a permanent and hereditary impost." More effectual than isolated victories was the policy pursued by Joachim I., of which a clear and thoughtful account is given. Joachim, having reformed the judicial system by the institution of the Chamber, which he fixed at Berlin, connected this reform with the introduction of the civil law in place of the national *Sachsenspiegel*. He thus imported the language of despotism into official life—an effect which, Mr. Tuttle remarks (p. 259), became conspicuous in the reign of the Great Elector; he supplied a powerful engine for sweeping away the irregularities inseparable from local independence, and committed the administration of the national, as opposed to the provincial, law to a band of trained officials careless of popular feelings. The effect of the Reformation in heightening the authority of the Elector both in ecclesiastical and civil matters, and in bringing about the addition of Prussia to the electoral dominion through the secularization of the Teutonic order, are fully exhibited. But slight attempt is made to unravel the mysteries of the Jülich-Cleve succession. We do not cavil at this, for to our mind the rights of the claimants are best disposed of in the words attributed by Sully to Henry IV.:—"Le duc de Clèves est mort: il a laissé tout le monde son héritier." We are, however, disposed to quarrel with Mr. Tuttle for leaving out the story of the box on the ear with which John Sigismund is said to have greeted the proposal of Pfalz-Neuburg to marry his daughter. Nor, considering the importance of the interests involved, do the "condominium" and the dispute, from whatever cause it arose, of the "possessory princes" seem to receive sufficient attention.

After the disorders and sufferings of the Thirty Years' War, the State entered on a new era under the Great Elector. By skilful tergiversation no less than by arms, he freed Prussia from the feudal tie which bound the duchy to Poland, and by the treaties of Wehlau and Oliva prepared the way for the creation of the new kingdom, while the victory of Fehrbellin announced to Europe that "a new power had arisen in the North." A lucid statement is given of the revolution effected in the constitution by the overthrow of the General Diet of the mark and the substitution of local assemblies and the separate action of the different estates, and of the means taken by Frederic William to introduce absolutism into his various provinces by giving the governors seats in the privy council, and by assuming the appointment of the members of the local boards. Mr. Tuttle shows with considerable force that, in spite of

some improvement in the management of the domains, the domestic policy of the Great Elector was burdensome, and that not merely because it was despotic, or even because it was enforced with arrogance, but above all because he was for ever trying experiments in government, and so kept his subjects in unrest. The character of the people suffered from the effects of the war. Public morality was low, and the Germans began an imitation of the worst French traits, which lasted until the degrading thralldom was broken by the victory of Rossbach. An attempt is made to prove the injustice of "the unqualified contempt" with which the first King of Prussia is regarded. Frederic certainly gave some encouragement to literature, though even in this matter his love of display is more conspicuous than any higher motive; and, while the foundation of Halle, the endowment of the Academy, and the patronage of Leibnitz are to be set to his, or rather to his Electress's, credit, his treatment of Dankelmann, his attachment to Wartenberg, the intrigues of the court, and the extravagant sums paid to his French washer-man and dancing-master are sufficient to justify the ordinary verdict of history. Nevertheless Mr. Tuttle is right in insisting on the importance of the reign, for it is in close connexion with the special object of his History. The establishment of the kingdom, rendered possible by the policy of the Great Elector, prepared the way for the position it gained under Frederic II., while on its domestic side the reign of the first Prussian king may be compared to "a bridge over which absolutism, starting under the Great Elector, passed to its complete triumph under Frederic William I." (p. 326). The means by which that triumph was gained are clearly drawn out. Administrative unity, especially necessary to the establishment of despotism in a kingdom composed of such various elements, was effected by the erection of a General Directory of Finance, War, and Domains, and the machinery of government was provided for by groups of councils, provincial boards, and chambers, which formed the basis of the Prussian bureaucratic system. The military strength of the kingdom was increased by the application of the same principle of unity. Territorial conscription took the place of a pretence of voluntary enlistment, a change which Mr. Tuttle shows to have been a relief to the people, as it put an end to the violence and irregularity of the older method. Another step towards universal military service was taken by the abolition of feudal tenures. The attention paid to agriculture and trade under the paternal, though brutal, despotism of Frederic William, while vitiated by the fallacies of the commercial system, supplied the kingdom with resources which did not fail his son in his utmost need. But the discipline of industry and self-denial, enforced by the absolute power thus gradually built up by her rulers, is the true secret of the endurance and final triumph of the Prussian state. The character of Frederic William is treated with care and discrimination, and the stories, mostly familiar enough, of the eccentricities of his personal government and private life are well told. We have of necessity left much of Mr. Tuttle's work untouched. His book ends with the accession of Frederic the Great. It forms an excellent introduction to the more minute study demanded by the importance of the new reign, and fairly redeems its promise of tracing "the long course of development and preparation of which Frederic and his works were the legitimate outcome."

LINCOLNSHIRE AND THE DANES.*

OUR chief complaint against Mr. Streatfield's interesting and instructive contribution to local philology is that at the outset he takes for granted too much knowledge on the part of his readers. It is a common mistake for authors to suppose that what is familiar to them is equally familiar to those for whom they write, and thus they often leave their meaning doubtful for the want of a little trouble in explanation. The object of Mr. Streatfield's book is, by a careful examination and classification of the place-names of Lincolnshire, in which, as he tells us, he was for some years the vicar of "a busy parish," to trace the various streams of Danish invasion and to point out the districts in which the invaders became settlers, and the wild marauders turned into peaceful colonists on English soil. To follow Mr. Streatfield in his investigation, and to perceive the force of his reasoning, some acquaintance with local nomenclature is absolutely requisite. Mr. Streatfield's style is so pleasant, and his mode of telling his story so attractive, that many readers, especially the natives of (or those familiar with) the county, will be carried along by the charm of the book, accepting what is told them without question, but possessing no means of judging of its correctness. The book thus loses much of its instructive power. It is not every one who has the author's familiarity with the elements which make up our English place-names, and who can at once distinguish between those of Saxon and Danish origin. Even those who have taken some trouble to master the subject may get sometimes confused between the "tons" and the "bys," the "hams" and the "thorps," the "eyes" and the "holms," the "fields" and the "thwaites," the "burns" and the "becks," which to the more practised eye point at once to their source. Mr. Streatfield would have made his valuable little book much more valuable if, instead of starting at once with the Danish occupation, and by the aid of the local names laying down the lines of the immigration and the principal centres of settlement, he had begun with a chapter of a

* *Lincolnshire and the Danes*. By the Rev. G. S. Streatfield, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

more directly philological character, containing lists of the chief Danish or Norse elements in the local names which form the basis of his investigation with their meanings, and the corresponding roots in Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French. The lists in Mr. Robert Ferguson's *Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland* indicate what we desire. The value of such catalogues would be increased if, besides the alphabetical arrangement, the words were also grouped according to their signification, as was first done by the late Dean Stanley—or rather, we believe, the present Sir George Grove—in the appendix of "Topographical Words" to his *Sinai and Palestine*, and more recently in Dr. Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*. We trust that this essential introduction to the subject Mr. Streatfield evidently loves so much and so well knows how to illustrate may not be wanting in his second edition. Another serious deficiency which should then be supplied is a map of the county, indicating the geographical distribution of the groups of place-names. With his many qualifications for the work he has undertaken, Mr. Streatfield is evidently not a scientific philologist; and there are not wanting examples of hasty conclusions from insufficient data, which fuller knowledge would have obviated. But he has spared no pains to prepare himself for his investigation by well-chosen reading and careful research, always going back to the earliest attainable authorities; and the result is much above the level commonly reached by local philologists. If we cannot always accept his conclusions, we are never offended by the ignorant presumption which, on the strength of the look or sound of a modern name, bids us accept some utterly impossible derivation. Like every true scholar, Mr. Streatfield walks diffidently through a domain where uncertainty must to a large extent ever prevail, and declares himself prepared "to see many cherished conclusions disproved and his own judgment in many cases reversed." In some cases, doubtless, this will be so, but we do not think they will be very frequent. Certainly, though he modestly professes that "it is impossible to doubt" it, the instances are not many in which his derivations can be reasonably "charged with rashness and credulity."

In common with all specialists, Mr. Streatfield is sometimes inclined to ride his hobby too hard, and to see proofs of his theory which a calmer judgment may question. The undoubted traces of Danish occupation are abundant enough in Lincolnshire without pressing doubtful examples into his service. When we find that Richard de Malbyse was lord of the manor of Mavis Enderby in the twelfth century, and that the place appears as "Malbis Enderby" in the "Inquisitiones Nonarum" of Edward III.'s reign—with which we may compare Acaster Malbis, the name of a parish near York—Mr. Streatfield surely rambles needlessly from the right track in tracing Mavis to the Old Norse "*mjár* or *mjár* (narrow), which takes when inflected a characteristic *u*," as in the Icelandic "*Mjávi-dalr*," and "*Mavis-grind*" in Shetland. He adds, "it is true that the configuration of the parish at the present day does not support this view, but it is by no means necessary to suppose that the parochial boundaries originated such an epithet." But if the parochial boundaries did not originate it, what did? If the parish never was narrow, why, in the name of common sense, was it called "Narrow Enderby"? We need hardly say that Mr. Edmund's pleasing fancy that the parish took its pretty name from the frequency of the song thrush—Spenser's and Drayton's "warbling mavis"—in the woods that in treeless Lincolnshire still surround the hamlet, is equally baseless. Though Mr. Streatfield in no way fosters the delusion, we may add that no such peal as "The Brides of Mavis Enderby" ever had any existence at Boston or elsewhere, save in Miss Ingelow's tuneful poem.

Again, Mr. Streatfield's own description of the little village of Oxcomb near Horncastle as "lying nestling amid some of the highest hills of the county" points so plainly to the Saxonized form of the Celtic *cwm*, a hollow among hills—like Balcombe, Pyecombe, and Barcombe in the cuplike depressions of the South Downs—that we wonder that he should have gone out of his way to suggest its connexion with the Old Norse *kamb*, a ridge or crest. The phonetic connexion between the two words is certainly of the faintest. It seems even more perverse to derive the "Suscombes," described as a "steep recess in the hills near Worlaby in the form of an amphitheatre," from the same Norse root. Although Mr. Streatfield may not be far wrong in associating the "Spellow (Spell-How) Hills" at Langton by Spilsby—three conspicuous barrows which the large quantity of human bones discovered in them marks as the site of an ancient battle—with the Old Norse *spella*, to destroy (the root of our modern "spill," and its corrupt form "spoil"), it is somewhat fanciful, as he is inclined to acknowledge, to derive Spilsby from the same root, or to suppose "that the hero of Langton made his home" in that "charming little town," and called it after the slaughter he had made on the adjoining hillside, more especially as an eponymic "Spille," as Mr. Streatfield tells us, appears in Domesday Book amongst the Lincolnshire tenants in the time of Edward the Confessor.

We can follow Mr. Streatfield more unquestioningly when he shows us how local names having in some cases lost their original form belie their position, and are taught to speak untruths. Thus "Lang Wath," "the long ford" over an affluent of the Witham between Lincoln and Wragby, has become Langworth, and gives a false name to the *ποταμός ἀνθρώπων*, now known as the Langworth river. The name "Tyger Holt" in Lea, near Gainsborough, which carries us in imagination off to the jungles of India, proves when examined to mean nothing more sensational than a long strip of woodland, from the Old Norse "*teigr*," a narrow division. The evil-sounding "Hogthorpe" and "Hogsbeck," which lie close together

on the map, have as little connexion with the unclean animal as, according to Mr. Ferguson, the still more cacophonous surnames of "Hoggins" and "Hogmire" have, being derived, with many other like forms, from *haugr*, a funeral mound. The most perfect specimen of a Danish camp in Lincolnshire is at Witham, within an easy march of Hogthorpe, "which may thus derive its name from one of the fierce conflicts that sealed the fate of Lincolnshire in the ninth century." Another unlucky place-name which has been literally dragged into the mud by the graving after a meaning, which is the most fruitful source of the distortion of words—witness "beefeaters," "sparrow-grass," "periwig," "causeway," and the like—is "Kirmond-le-Mire." Who would suppose that the parish thus libelled, instead of being a kind of "Slough of Despond," is really "a charming tract of moist pasture land, as yet unbroken by the plough, intersected by streams, and closed in by steep hills of red and white chalk," originally bearing the dignified name of "Chevreumont-le-Moor"? While Kirmond has been thus unduly degraded, the parish of Kirkby Laythorpe, in the hands of Messrs. Kelly and White and other modern directory-makers, has, with as little warrant, lost its characteristic appellation of "muddy village" (if we accept Mr. Streatfield's derivation from the Old Norse *leir*, clayey soil), and has blossomed forth, even in the Diocesan Calendar, to which such pretentious vulgarisms should be unknown, into the stately-sounding Kirkby-la-Thorpe—"a change," Mr. Streatfield remarks sententiously, "due rather to fancy than to fact." We may observe that the names Kirkby or Kirby—i.e. church towns, indicating the sites of the mother churches of their several districts—though certainly common in what was the Danelagh, cannot truly be said to be "almost confined to that part of England." Kirby Kendal and Kirby Lonsdale—the church towns in the dales of the Kent and of the Lune—Kirby Ireleth, Kirby Stephen, Kirby Thore, all in the old kingdom of Cumbria, to say nothing of the East Anglian Kirby Bedon and Kirby Cane, and East Kirby in the peculiarly Danish promontory of the Wirral, between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee, show that not in the Danelagh only, but wherever the Northmen settled, Kirkbys marked their eventual exchange of the religion of Christ for that of Thor and Odin. In Lincolnshire, "at least six Kirkbys" bear witness to the acceptance by the conquerors of the faith of the conquered, which is further commemorated by the names "Crosby" and "Croxbury," as well as by "Biscathorp" (called Biscophthorp, "the Bishop's village" in Domesday), in which parish in the time of Edward the Confessor the vassals of the Bishop of Lincoln held lands.

The "Thridings" or "Ridings," which Lincolnshire shares with her Northern neighbour, though the old designation has passed into the modern "parts"—the three divisions of the county being known as the "parts of Lindsey," the "parts of Kesteven," and the "parts of Holland," and the "wapentakes," into which, instead of "hundreds," the ridings are subdivided, indicate political divisions of distinctly Danish origin. The word "wapentake," on the origin of which there has been no little difference of opinion, Mr. Streatfield derives—we think correctly—from the touching of the spear of the chief of the district by the spears of the leading persons of the division as token of fealty, which, "by a natural use of language," was gradually transferred "to the area it affected." The names of the Lincolnshire wapentakes, though sometimes so much distorted that their original forms are hardly recognizable, are very suggestive. "Aswardhurn," or, as it used to be written, "Aswardthurn," preserves the memory of a sacred thorn, dedicated to As-vardr, the holy guardian, while "Gartree" may have taken its name from a conspicuously placed clump of trees planted on a triangular plot of ground, in Old Norse *geirr*. "Haverstoe," a corruption of "Havardshow," "Aslaschoe" and "Candleshoe," indicate hills commemorating once famous vikings. The same root *hœ*, a hill, is found in "Langoe," the long hill, "Graffoe," the hill with a grave on its summit, and "Treo" (in Domesday, Trehos), the three hills, a name which Mr. Streatfield not unwarrantably identifies with "the burial-places of nameless heroes from the North who lost their life in battle with the retreating Saxons." The wapentake of "Elloe" also preserves this root, taking its name from "a large stone—the Elloe, or March stone—to which tradition points as marking the spot where former generations met in council." The wapentake of "Lawress" in its old form of "Lagolfris" may in the same way take its name from the cairn (Old Norse *hreyfi*) of Lagulf, while Walescroft, which has been corrupted into Walscroft, commemorates the "wealhs," or foreigners, who made Walesby their home, who, in Mr. Streatfield's words, "brought with them the faith of Christendom, and set up the cross in that district when as yet the Danish settlers around worshipped at the shrines of Thor or Odin."

Mr. Streatfield's survey leads him to point out three main streams of Danish colonization in Lincolnshire, which he terms the Grimsby, Trent, and Alford streams. Of these three streams, the last-named, to judge from the place-names of the district, was the most influential. The district stretching along the coast from Theddlethorp to Skegness—"Skegs Nest," as it has become in the mouth of the people, as Sandness has been turned into "Sands Nest"—where the smooth sandy shore offered a safe landing-place to the Scandinavian keels, and inland to Alford, and over the wolds to Horncastle, is more thickly studded with Danish names than any portion of Lincolnshire, which is the same thing as saying any portion of England. "Names other than Danish in this large area may be almost

counted on the fingers." The same unerring test of local nomenclature proves that the whole district of the Fens was, we may say not unnaturally, avoided by the Danish colonist. Here and there, a *toft*, a *beck*, or a *holme* proves that the Scandinavian race was not entirely unrepresented in the swampy land of the Gyrvi. But of the *bys* and the *thorps* indicating permanent settlements Mr. Streatfield considers it doubtful if a single genuine instance can be produced. "The names that indicate the presence of the Dane are the exception, those denoting English occupation are the rule." It is important to observe how completely the place-names of the county negative the common idea of the complete extirpation of the old English inhabitants by the Danish invaders. "A glance at the map"—which Mr. Streatfield has unluckily denied us—with its *tons* and *hams*, mixed up with *bys* and *thorps*, shows unmistakably that, so far from there having been any massacre or wholesale expulsion of the earlier inhabitants, "Norseman and Angle eventually settled side by side."

We have not space to follow Mr. Streatfield through the successive chapters in which he shows how the place-names of the county may be classified as records of mythology, records of settlement, records of nature, and records of animal and vegetable life. Though not always convincing, his derivations are always interesting and often suggestive, while always presented with much modesty and good sense. The volume closes with a chapter on the language of Lincolnshire and a comprehensive Glossary, which, in common with most local glossaries, contains not a few words to which the county has no special claim. We think we have met with the words *kindling*, *ken*, *low*, *hank*, *crew*, and *claw*, in most parts of England. Other words, such as *cod*, a pillow; *champ*, to chew; and *addle*, to earn, cannot be said to be the peculiar property of Lincolnshire. That "addle" is a Lincolnshire survival we see in Lord Tennyson's *Northern Farmer (New Style)*, where we hear of the "Parson's Lass," who "mun be a guv'ness, and addle her bread." The same strong poem, racy of the soil, gives us also the phrase "far-weltered yowe," of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow, which Mr. Streatfield enables us to connect with the Icelandic *velta* and the Danish *valte*, to overturn.

CARDINAL PITRA'S ANALECTA.*

IT is eight years ago since Cardinal Pitra published the first volume of his *Analecta*, which was noticed in these pages soon afterwards. We have now to record the almost simultaneous appearance of three more volumes, printed respectively at Tusculum, the press of the Mechitarist Armenian convent at Venice, and the "Publicum Galliarum Typographeum" of Paris. All three volumes contain fragments, or more than fragments, of the writings of Antenicene Fathers, the last being devoted especially to "Analecta" gathered exclusively from Oriental manuscripts. Cardinal Pitra has had the benefit of the assistance of Professor Martin, of the Upper School of Theology in the Catholic Institute of Paris, in editing the Syriac, Armenian, and Coptic contents of this fourth volume.

It is an agreeable task to recognize the high scholarship and profound learning displayed in the goodly tomes before us. The Roman Catholic Church has not been conspicuous of late years for the cultivation of that field of sacred literature in which the Benedictines of S. Maur—*Maurini nostri*, as they are affectionately called in these volumes—reaped such abundant harvests. The more credit is due to the scholar, whom the Christian world first knew as "Dom" Pitra, the head of the restored Benedictine house at Solesmes, for his zealous and persevering emulation of the literary fame of the great religious Order to which he belongs. The *Spicilegium Solesmense*, by which he first became famous, only reached four volumes. But these four volumes contain an invaluable "gleaning" from the already well-reaped fields of Patristic learning. The head of the community, who was also its leading spirit, was then, most deservedly, called away to Rome, where he received the Cardinalate. The brethren of Solesmes, deprived of their leader, seem to have discontinued their literary labours. They have since been expelled, and re-expelled, and expelled again, after a somewhat inglorious attempt to return to their monastery, by the French Government. We almost wonder that they have not sought refuge in England, like the Carthusians at Cowfold and the Jesuits at Canterbury. But their old Superior dedicates his *Analecta* to his former brethren. We quote his words:—"Solesmensibus meis ex abbatis matre S. Petri ter vi militari expulsi Deo excubias agentibus circum fratris et fratrum sepulchra Anteniceni Testes tribus aucti voluminibus solatio spei et victorie sint anno quinquagesimo Repar. Mon. Solesmorum."

Cardinal Pitra himself, after pursuing the task for which he was more especially summoned to Rome, namely, the preparation and publication of the history and documents of the ecclesiastical law of the Greek Church, has continued his former labours in Patristic literature by the issuing of four thick volumes of *Analecta*, further "crumbs," as it were, in addition to the gleanings of his *Spicilegium*. And he promises no less than three more volumes in continuation of the series; which are to contain respectively further fragments of the Fathers, together with some of classical writers, a collection of ancient Greek hymns, and select documents

of Greek ecclesiastical law. Nor does this exhaust his literary labours. For he announces three more volumes which are to bring down his collection of Greek legal monuments from the tenth century to the council of Florence in the fifteenth.

We are concerned, however, at present with his *Analecta*. It may well surprise us, at first sight, that it should be possible, at this date, to discover so many fragments, most of them hitherto unpublished, of Antenicene antiquity. But, as Cardinal Pitra tells us in his Prolegomena, there is no telling what may yet be found in the *foruli et plutei* of libraries. And it is beyond a doubt that his own position as Librarian of the Holy See has been of inestimable value to his special pursuits. For he has free access to the hitherto unexplored riches of the Vatican. In the syllabus of the MSS. made use of in his second volume we observe that, while Cambridge and Oxford supply each of them two codices, the Vatican alone provides a list which fills a whole column. Our readers will remember that Pope Leo XIII. appointed a commission of three cardinals, a year or two ago, with instructions that they were to make the Vatican archives more accessible to students. Cardinal Pitra was one of them, and we cannot doubt that he has lent himself willingly to his task. For his prefaces and notes, which are voluminous, and sometimes inclined to an amiable garrulity, abound in grateful and enthusiastic acknowledgments of the courtesies he has received in foreign, and especially in English, libraries. Nothing is more surprising to us than that English historical students have not taken full advantage of the opening of the Vatican Library. It is scarcely to be expected, we suppose, that an English Government—even when presided over by an eminent man of letters—should do what the Government of the French Republic has done in sending some French scholars to Rome for the express purpose of exploring the Vatican. M. Elie Berger, M. Grandjean, and M. L. Thuasne, have already been able from this source to publish the Registers of Pope Innocent XI., so far at present as the year 1248, those of Pope Benedict XI., and the *Bullarium* of Burchardus. But in default of public support, we should have thought that private enterprise and ambition would have urged some English historical students of the school of Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman to avail themselves of the opened Vatican Library and the sympathetic assistance of its distinguished chief.

Anyhow, we have in the volumes now under review what may be called, in some sense, the first fruits of the present Pope's enlightened liberality. But Cardinal Pitra has not confined himself to Roman sources. He has literally gathered his crumbs from every available quarter. We cannot but sympathize with him in the regret that he must feel in thinking that the recently published *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, edited by the Greek Archbishop Bryennius, a work probably of the first century of the Christian era, did not find its place, and first see the light, in his own *Analecta*. But he has gathered an abundant gleaming without it. It is not to be expected that we should give in these pages anything like a full account of the fresh additions to the literature of the Antenicene centuries here presented to us. It must suffice to call the attention of theological scholars to the fact that they will find in Cardinal Pitra's new volumes passages from S. Clement of Rome, Philo-Judæus, and Josephus, of the first century; S. Ignatius, S. Aristides, S. Papias, S. Melito Sardensis, S. Abercius, S. Justin Martyr, S. Irenæus, S. Clement of Alexandria, S. Theophilus of Antioch, and S. Theophilus of Caesarea, all of the second century; and S. Hippolytus, Julius Africanus, S. Cyprian, S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, S. Dionysius of Alexandria, S. Melchior of Antioch, S. Methodius, S. Pamphilus, S. Eustathius, and S. Serapion, of the third century. There are others, also, whom we have not enumerated, besides passages from Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion—names so familiar to all who have studied the Septuagint Greek Version; and, again, Greek canons from the Eastern Councils of Ancyra and Neo-Cæsarea. These extracts, which are of very different length and importance, have been gathered from every source, many being taken from manuscript catenæ of writers, and from quotations in other authors. There is no reason, we imagine, to distrust Cardinal Pitra's judgment as to their authenticity. His criticism is, as it seems to us, wherever we have tested it, sound and accurate. And he gives full particulars of the sources from which he derives his documents, and occasionally provides careful facsimiles of the manuscripts from which his transcriptions have been made. Nor is he above a touch of humour where his subject will permit it. For example, he finds the word "eburneus," in a quotation from Cant. v. 14, written "iberneus" in the Clermont MS. of S. Melito, and appends the following note:—"Lepida varietas in C *iberneus*, et primæ manus, an ejusdam Hibernici? Sed statim vetus altera man. emendavit." But, after all, may not the scribe have been an Irishman, when we remember the literary fame of the ancient Irish Church?

Those who have time in these busy days to take any pleasure in the old-fashioned colloquial style of discourse of the older schools of scholarship will read with amusement as well as profit the "Prolegomena" to these volumes, written, we may observe in passing, in a very non-Ciceronian Latin. Cardinal Pitra has had the courage to introduce among these disquisitions a long paper in his native French, in which he recounts his search over all Europe after the missing "Codex Claromontanus" of the *Clavis* of S. Melito, and his discovery of it accidentally in the Barberini Library in Rome. A manuscript copy of this curious early treatise—which is of singular value as a proof of the thorough knowledge of the Canonical Scriptures possessed by a writer of

* *Analecta Sacra, Spicilegio Solesmensi parata*. Edidit Jeanes Baptista Card. Pitra, Episcopus Tusculanus, S. E. R. Bibliothecarius. Tomi II., III., IV. Parisiis: Roger et Chernowitz Bibliopolis, via vulgo dicta Des Grands Augustins. London: Dulau. 1883-4.

the second century (for S. Melito was Bishop of Sardis about A.D. 160)—was shown to Dom Pitra in 1849 by Mr. Cox, the librarian of the Bodleian. The French scholar, before he left Oxford, went to call on John Henry Newman, and found him "entouré des jeunes puseystes, ses élèves, dans l'hermitage de Littlemore." Mr. Dalgairns, one of these pupils, undertook to copy the manuscript, a task ultimately accomplished by "un autre jeune puseyste, M. Francis Bowles." Cardinal Pitra is less courteous to an audacious "jeune Oratorien, qu'il est inutile de tirer de son obscurité," who has ventured, in a review in *Le Correspondant*, to suggest that the *Clavis* attributed to Melito is in reality nothing but an enlargement of a work by S. Eucherius of Lyons in the sixth century. Another copy of the *Clavis*, in the Library at Strasburg, was burnt in the late Franco-German war. It may be imagined in what terms Cardinal Pitra inveighs against this proof of "Prussian" barbarism. On the whole, however, he is very generous to scholars who belong neither to his religious communion nor to his original or his adopted nationality. He speaks, for example, with enthusiasm of Cureton's knowledge and liberality. He commends the study of the literature of the Primitive Church which he sees among *Anglicos, Germanicos, Slavos et Nostrates*. This last word must mean the French; for Italian scholarship is at a very low ebb. Above all, he admires the Ante-Nicene Library published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh. He cannot understand how this complete translation of the Antenicene Fathers could find a sale *ubi nuper furebant Knoxius et Buchanan*, and he transcribes, with extraordinary misprints in his English, the names of the translators of each volume of the series. He is equally complimentary to the late Mr. W. W. Harvey's Cambridge edition of Irenæus. He does not seem to have known that Hermes Trismegistus, to whom he refers, has been recently translated by an English scholar, Mr. J. D. Chambers. We have said enough, we hope, to show the value and the interest of these additions to our knowledge of the literary remains of the earliest Christian antiquity. It is unnecessary to say that every theological library ought to possess Cardinal Pitra's *Analecta*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE month of September is far from being a harvest month with English printing-presses, but it is even more of a dead season with French publishers. We have to-day to notice nothing but school-books, and most of those English. In the first place and most closely connected with literature, may be noticed Mr. Gosset's *Manual of French Prosody* (1), a very good book in itself, and one to be the more welcomed that it comes from a Fellow of New College, Oxford. For whatever the educational advantages or disadvantages of "the modern side" may be, the advantages at least will never be fully experienced till the studies of the modern side are made in the full sense liberal and academic. Mr. Gosset justly says that the way in which English boys and English men are for the most part supposed to know French verification by the light of nature is "singular," and if he had chosen he might have given instances of the still more singular results of the supposition. In one of the foremost magazines for this month there is a parcel-French poem, signed with initials which appear to indicate a well-known and learned Professor, and containing lines which the writer evidently supposes to be of the value of eight syllables each. These, according to French prosody, vacillate cheerfully between seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and, if we mistake not, in one instance, twelve, actual syllabic integers, owing apparently to sheer ignorance on the writer's part of the value of the mute *e* and of the law of elision. Such an absurdity could never be committed by any one who had even glanced through Mr. Gosset's very useful little book, which is equally suited for schools and for the reference shelf of the library. On his strict subject he is generally sound, but we must not be understood as pledging ourselves to his general theories in prosody, and especially in English prosody. For instance, we are entirely at issue with him on the point that "French verse is superior to English in the purity of its assonances," unless he means that good French verse is superior to bad English verse on this point, which is true, but unimportant. From Mr. Gosset's remark that the vowel sound in "Geneva" and "believer" is the same, and that "Genevah" is an undoubted cockneyism (the truth being that "believah" is the cockneyism), we can only suppose that he is himself inclined to a most culpable laxity in English rhyme. Of course to any one so disposed French rules must seem stricter. But those of us who would as soon think of rhyming "Geneva" to "believer" in English as of rhyming "croitre" to "maitre" in modern French can hardly admit that to a good English poet "est nihil negatum." The truth is, however, that really good pronunciation of English is getting yearly rarer, and that the folly of spelling reformers, who try to reduce everything to rule, helps the errors of those who have been unlucky enough not to have their ears educated by surroundings of careful speech and their eyes by the study of good books. This, however, is a digression, and the slight censure implied in it must not be understood to detract from our general recommendation of Mr. Gosset as a teacher in his own subject.

The Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Modern Lan-

guages (2) (which must excuse us if its title makes us think of the celebrated Society for Roasting a Senior Proctor Gratis) sends us a packet of cheap and apparently useful books printed in good but rather too small type, and sometimes not carefully revised. The Grammar includes exercises on what may be called a modification of the Hamiltonian system—that is to say, with a partial interlinear translation. Only use can detect the faults of such books, but we do not much like the principle. The dictionary is a handy little volume, but somewhat carelessly compiled. Thus, "ride" (the verb) is translated "*aller à cheval ou voiture*," though the subsequent translation of the substantive 'ride' shows that the impossible *aller à voiture* was not seriously intended. We do not like keys of any kind, but it is fair to say that the Hossfeld method appears to presuppose the open use of the key by the pupil that he may correct his own mistakes, which is a different thing from its clandestine use by the master that he may hide his own ignorance. Of the accuracy of a *Commercial Correspondent* only specialists in commerce can safely judge.

M. Julien's *French at Home and at School* (3) is on a system which we like better than that noticed above. But we cannot approve of the practice of smoothing difficulties by printing such a sentence as this:—"We obey (to) our parents." The intention is, of course, to remind the learner that the verb requires a preposition in French. But this is just what the exercise and the practice it gives ought to teach him. Besides, with the usual fiendish perversity of extreme youth, he is quite as likely to begin writing "obey to" in English composition, and to maintain when corrected that he has seen it in his book.

The extracts of M. Delbos's French Reader (4) are very well selected. But, as usual, the notes, though not very many, might be diminished with advantage. What is the use (some readers may ask us what is the use of our always asking the same question) of telling the pupil that "*peu à peu*" means "by degrees"?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AT THE WORLD'S MERCY (W. Stevens) is the telling title chosen by the ingenious author of *The House on the Marsh* for her new story, which we have read with pleasure, and can heartily commend as a good specimen of its class. It is the autobiography of a Miss Guinevere Verney, commonly called Guinney, who has some curious experiences as governess to a remarkable family, and becomes a "Baronetess" under strange circumstances. This lady and her sister, a very colourless person, give generous hospitality to a gentleman in a high fever. Of course he falls in love with the heroine, and she with him. But there is an obstacle. The gentleman is engaged already; which does not prevent him from avowing his affection. Miss Verney snubs him with just severity, and goes away to a new place. Here she finds herself in a family composed of a gentleman who has had delirium tremens, his foolish second wife, and his two dissipated sons by a first marriage. The mother of these young men has died mad in a refuge for confirmed drunkards, and they show every sign of having inherited the weaknesses of their parents. One of them is in love with the betrothed of Miss Verney's unscrupulous suitor. The other falls in love with her. Their father is jealous of his wife, and his mother-in-law delights in mischief. Here are all the elements of a delightful complication, and the author is not unequal to the situation. The catastrophe has the merit of originality. In point of style, *At the World's Mercy* is decidedly better than the ordinary run of three-volume novels, and there is an approach to reality in some of the characters.

Mr. William P. Atkinson's three lectures *On History and the Study of History* (Boston: Roberts Brothers) contain a great deal which no doubt did good to the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Youthful engineers and manufacturers are none the worse for being told that it is a good thing to have some taste for knowledge, even though it cannot be turned into money. This Mr. Atkinson tells them at some length. We cannot, however, say that he does much more than assert in general terms that the study of history is an admirable training for the mind. A considerable part of his lectures is taken up with showing what is not history in his opinion, and we are not surprised to find that he dismisses almost all the most readable books on the subject as mere shams. American readers may appreciate his digressions on their school system, and his occasional dashes into contemporary politics. It is certainly not easy to say anything new on such a well-known subject as the importance of a knowledge of the past to whoever wishes to judge the present intelligently, and a professor is not bound to be original. But then neither is he bound to publish his lectures.

Judging from internal evidence, we are inclined to think that Seyd Mohammad Hossain's treatise, *Our Difficulties and Wants in the Path of the Progress of India* (W. H. Allen & Co.), will be found useful by any one who really wishes to understand the condition of the country. It is very full of facts, they are fairly well

(2) *French Grammar on Hossfeld's Method*. By A. Huguenet. *New English-French and French-English Pocket Dictionary*. By C. Hossfeld and L. Daniel. *Key to French Grammar*. By C. Hossfeld. *English-French Commercial Correspondent*. By C. Hossfeld and E. Vaton. London: Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Modern Languages.

(3) *French at Home and at School*. First Book. By F. Julien. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(4) *Students' French Reader, Second Year*. By L. Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Manual of French Prosody*. By A. Gosset. London: Bell & Sons.

arranged, and the author appears to have spared no pains to make his work thoroughly trustworthy. As, however, it is full of details about such obscure matters as Indian agriculture and manufactures, we must leave the few competent judges to decide on its accuracy. We have, however, no hesitation in praising the general tone of the book. Seyd Mohammad is, he tells us in his preface, a native of Lucknow, who can remember the days of Nawabi government. On comparing it with the present state of things, he has become convinced of the superiority of the British administration, and finds some difficulty in understanding how his countrymen can affect to regret the old days of disorder and oppression. At the same time he sees that there is plenty of room for further improvement in the condition of the people of Oude. After long study and wide travel he propounds his ideas in this stout pamphlet. His two favourite propositions seem to us to be very sound in theory. The first of these is that no government can think for everybody. The second is that the people of India must learn to help themselves. Unfortunately, if the Government does not think for India, nobody else will; and if the people have not learnt to put their shoulder to the wheel in all these centuries, they are not likely to do it now.

Sewage is in every way unsavoury either to smell, to drink, or to read about, and we cannot recommend Major-General Scott's treatise on *London Water* (Chapman & Hall) to the general reader. The recommendation would be perfectly useless. But it should be welcome to all who wish to understand or who are compelled to study an important question. General Scott gives the history of the Water Companies and an account of the sources from which they draw their supply. He has also some rather unpleasant things to say about the quality of the article. At the end he deals with the difficulty of finding a remedy for the evils of the existing system. The author has a preference for deep wells, though he acknowledges the danger of an abuse of this source of supply, and wishes to see it supplemented by others. General Scott is of opinion that there ought to be some "representative authority for the whole metropolis," authorized to deal with the water-supply, and he strongly condemns the policy of letting the matter drift till the unlucky London Government Bill contrives to get passed. *The Report on the Composition and Quality of Daily Samples of Water Supplied to London during the Year 1883*, by Messrs. Crookes, Odling, and Tidy, may be used as a comment on General Scott's treatise.

Mr. Patrick Geddes contributes an essay on John Ruskin, Economist, to *The Round Table Series* (Edinburgh: William Brown). That is not the most profitable point of view from which to consider Mr. Ruskin, and the author has not even made the most of its limited capabilities. Most of his essay is devoted to jeering at the political economists for not doing what they never professed to do.

At the present moment a good sale should be found for a neat set of rules showing "How to Escape Cholera," published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, for the moderate sum of three halfpence. We have to notice a pamphlet on "Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday," by Mr. H. C. Burdett (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.). Others, besides his parishioners, may thank Mr. H. C. Jenkins for his translation of "The Chartulary of the Monastery of Lyminge" (Folkestone: R. Goulden).

Our list of school-books includes an excellent American spelling-book by M. W. Hazen, M.A. (Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.), which might be used in England with a few changes; an annotated edition of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, edited by Dr. Buchheim (The Clarendon Press); and a school edition of Lord Tennyson's poetry, published in parts (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received copies of Vol. IV. of the new seven-volume edition—very handy and pretty—of Lord Tennyson's works (Macmillan & Co.); an American edition of *The Princess*, profusely illustrated with ugly woodcuts (Boston: Osgood & Co.); a second edition of *The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition*, by the Rev. R. Jardine (Macmillan & Co.); the third volume of the complete works of Mr. Aubrey de Vere (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); and *Triatram Shandy* in the cheap "Universal Library" (Routledge & Sons).

Mr. S. E. Dawson, one of the local secretaries of the British Association, has prepared a neat guide-book of Canada for the use of the members (Montreal: Dawson Bros.). Messrs. Ward & Lock publish an *Illustrated Guide to and Popular History of the English Lakes*. We have also to notice a fourth edition of Mr. Tregellas' *Tourist's Guide to Cornwall* (E. Stanford).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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*The hours of lectures have been specially re-arranged to suit the convenience of Dental Students. Charing Cross Hospital is within three minutes' walk of the Dental Hospital of London.

A Prospectus, containing much additional information, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary, who attends daily at the Office of the School, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, between the hours of Ten and Four.

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FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £30, £20, £20, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free, and the holders of all the Resident Appointments are provided with rooms and board entirely free of expense. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, and One Accoucheurship; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis, and the Metropolitan, District, East London, and South-Eastern Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

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For Prospectus and further information apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR.

Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., July 1884.

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The WINTER SESSION of 1884-85 will commence on October 1, when an Introductory Address will be delivered by Sir J. RUSSELL BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S., at Three P.M.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of £100 and £50 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on October 4, 7, and 8, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

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A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

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SESSION 1884-85.

FACULTIES OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The SESSION commences on Friday, October 3 next, and terminates on June 27, 1885.

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December, for Woolwich, all Four Candidates, viz.:

Marks.	Marks.
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49th. C. Hill 4,475	30th. F. Havenshill 3,697

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11th. (Cavalry) W. Basevi 4,235	

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Marks.	Marks.
26th. J. Wetherall 1,844 marks.	
26th. F. Logan 3,518	25th. E. Rawlins 3,376
26th. F. La Terrace 3,061	26th. J. Barrett 1,969

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60th. J. Fife 3,560 marks.

July, for Sandhurst (published August 15, 1884), with Seven Candidates.

Marks.	Marks.
35th. R. Cockrell 5,928	97th. A. Housden 5,790
81st. R. D'Aeth 5,928	

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Admission to the meetings will be by TICKETS ONLY. Tickets, admitting ladies or gentlemen (but not transferable), can be had only from the Hon. Secretaries. Applications must be accompanied by a remittance. Cheques and P.O. Orders payable to R. S. FERGUSON. Stamps cannot be received.

MEMBERS' TICKETS.

7s. 6d. each, admitting to all the Meetings of the week, except that of the Working-Men. Holders of these tickets are invited by his Worship the Mayor of Carlisle and Mrs. DIXON to a Conversation, at the Drill Hall, on Friday Evening, October 3.

DAY TICKETS.

2s. 6d. each, will be issued for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The day must be specified on application, and the ticket will be available only for all meetings on that day.

WORKING-MEN'S MEETING:

This meeting is for Working-Men only. A limited number of Platform Tickets will be issued at 2s. 6d. each.

RECEPTION ROOMS:

The County Halls (close to the railway station) will be open as reception-rooms for Members of Congress, and will comprise news, waiting, parish, and correspondence-rooms, with telegraph and post office, inquiry office, cloak-rooms, lavatories, &c.

HOSPITALITY:

The Hospitality List is being rapidly filled up. The Hon. Secretaries will do their best to assist members in obtaining accommodation.

LODGINGS:

A Register of Lodgings is kept at the Congress Office, and information as to lodgings and hotels will be given to members on their stating the amount and nature of the accommodation they require. A list of lodgings and hotels will be sent on application. Refreshments will be provided at the Congress Refreshment-rooms in the Butter Market by the County Hotel Company, and at the various hotels and restaurants.

TRAINS:

Trains will run after the evening meetings to Appleby, Penrith, Kirkby-Stephen, Kewick, Maryport, Whitehaven, Cockermouth, Wigton, and Glaisdale, putting down at intermediate stations.
Return Tickets to and fro, at Single Fares, on production of Congress Tickets; and also between Carlisle and the following places: Windermere, Newcastle, and all intermediate stations, and any station on the Midland Railway within fifty miles of Carlisle. N.B.—Visitors to the Congress from a distance can avail themselves of the Tourist Tickets issued by the London and North-Western and the Midland Railway Companies; and holders of Tourist Tickets to Scotland by the London and North-Western and Midland routes will be allowed to break their journey at Carlisle in either direction, for any period, provided the journey is completed within the time for which the Ticket is available.
See page 8 of the London and North-Western, and page 13 of the Midland Tourist Programmes.

REPORT:

The Official Report of the Church Congress will be published on November 25. Price to subscribers, 6s. 6d. on paper, post free, 7s.; 7s. 6d. in cloth, post free, 8s.; and in half-calf antique, 10s.; post free, 10s. 6d. Publishers, Messrs. Bennet & Sons, 25 Old Bailey, London, and at Derby.

FURTHER INFORMATION:

For Church services, lists of subjects, hotel and refreshment charges, railway time-tables and fares, postal and other information, see "The Official Programme," price 3d. post free, to be had at the Congress Office on and after September 5. Hymns, with Tunes, for use at the Congress meetings, will be found in the "Official Programme," or may be had separately, price 1d.

Inquiries for further information must be accompanied with a stamped and directed envelope.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING COLLECTIONS.

The Clergy are earnestly solicited to forward COLLECTIONS resulting from HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES to the Secretary, Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, 55 Charles Street, St. James's, London.
The object of this Institution is to provide Pensions for *bona fide* Farmers, their Widows and unmarried Orphan Daughters. Six hundred and fifty persons are now being maintained at an annual cost of £15,000, and Four Hundred Candidates are waiting for election.
The late Archbishop of Canterbury, in writing to the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution on the subject of Harvest Thanksgiving Collections, said:—"I cannot doubt that the claims of your Association will find advocates in many parishes, and I am willing that you should make known that it meets with my cordial support."

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ABOUT CLARET.

There has been, during the last few years, a great deal of exaggeration and misconception, mainly arising from letters and articles in the Press, by those who are almost entirely ignorant on the subject. They exaggerate the quantity consumed in this country, and understate the quantity produced. Why, Paris alone consumes more wine than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. It is true the production of common wine in France has been enormously decreased by the ravages of the phylloxera within the last few years, and as every person in France consumes wine, low wines have to be imported to supply the home demand. Hence the unusual circumstance of France importing great quantities of common wine. There never has been any difficulty in procuring good pure French wines, except in the very lowest qualities. For ourselves, owing to the large reserves we buy, we have always been able to supply

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Actuary—STEWART HELDER, Esq. Physician—Dr. STONE.

FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1884:

Total Funds	£3,148,166
Total Annual Income	£343,271
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,373,688
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£487,347

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

BONUS.—£487,347 was distributed amongst 7,882 Policies at the Tenth Quinquennial Division of Profits. Of these 1,070 were then, by means of Bonus, not only altogether freed from the payment of Annual Premiums, but had, in almost every case, additions made to the sums originally assured.

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MANAGEMENT.—The total expenses on all accounts were, in the past financial year, £4 5s. 9d. per cent. of the total income.

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MATTHEW HODGSON, Secretary.

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Capital paid up	£350,000
Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceeds ..	£812,000
Other Funds	£1,000,000
TOTAL INVESTED FUNDS UPWARDS OF TWO MILLIONS.	
Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,065,000
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INCOME AND FUNDS (1883).	
Fire Premiums	£220,000
Life Premiums	154,000
Interest	154,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,890,000

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